DID RADIO SAVE FRANK FAY'S LIFE?

Radio Stars

AUGUST
10
CENTS

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Earl Christy

Harriet Hilliard

LARGEST CIRCULATION
NY RADIO MAGAZINE

JESSICA DRAGONETTE'S AMAZING SACRIFICE!

Have cool allure

Don't be sticky, wilted, and unattractive! Use Irresistible TALC to give you cool allure on hottest days. Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty perfumed deodorant talcum or dusting powder. Apply it generously all over your body.

When you haven't time for a bath, heat and weariness are banished by a quick rub with Irresistible COLOGNE on your entire body. It's a tingling, refreshing treat. Finish with Irresistible TALC or DUSTING POWDER for daintiness and flower-like fragrance, the fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Your whole body will then feel invigorated, young, glorified!

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved.

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ASK FOR

Irresistible

PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, COLD CREAM, BRILLIANTINE

"Barbarous!"

A HOSTESS AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A T-BONE

"Intelligent!"

SAYS HOSTESS

SAYS DENTIST

(*But the civilized way to build firm gums is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

HOSTESS: "Your picture is disgraceful. No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would ever eat like that." *(But your dentist disagrees—emphatically.)*

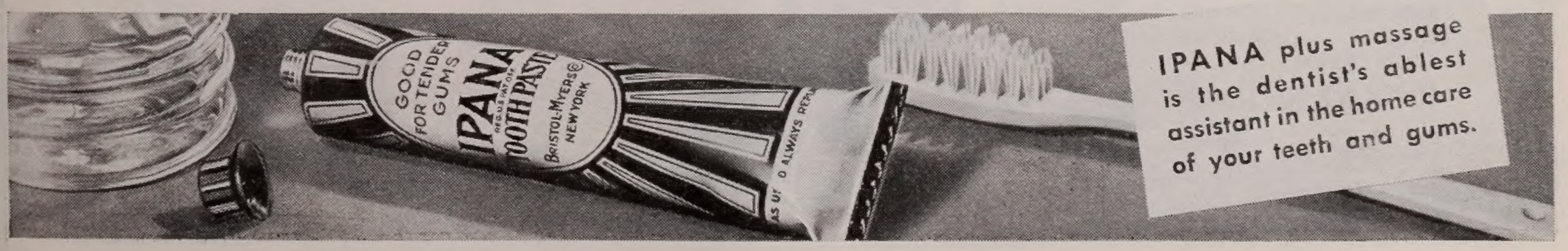
DENTIST: "That picture is a perfect lesson in the proper exercise of teeth and gums. I hope millions of people see it. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be far fewer gum disorders—fewer evidences of that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'."

Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist's point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you—he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. *Follow his advice.* Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.



RADIO STARS

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

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LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

27 STORIES, FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

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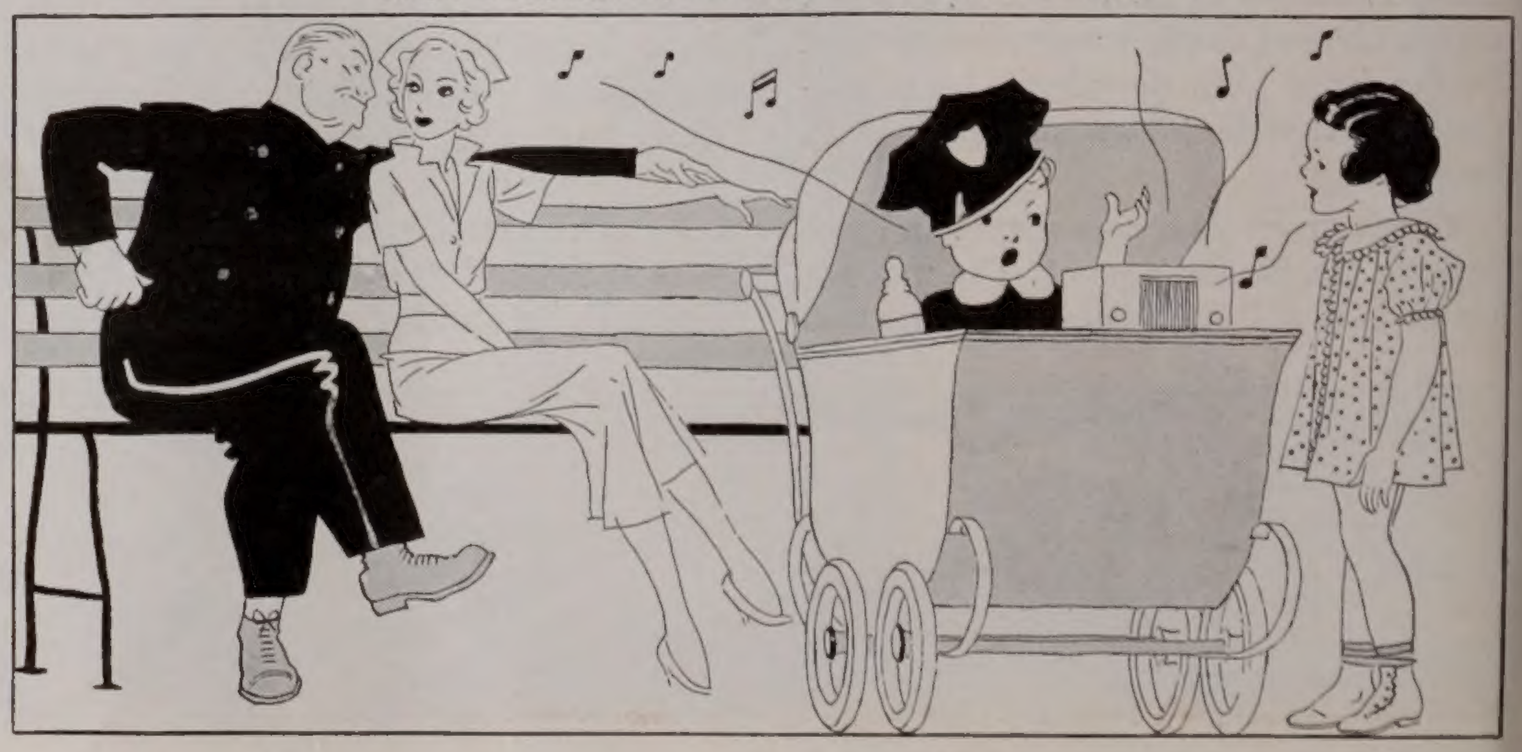


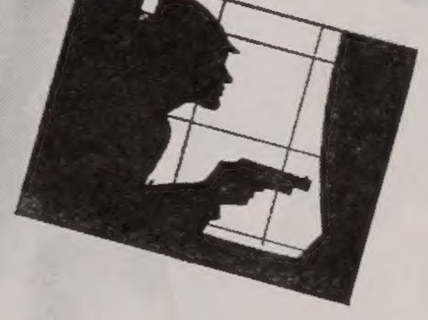
THEY PLAY THRILLING ROLES IN M-G-M'S DRAMATIC ROMANCE "Suzy"

JEAN HARLOW

"I'm Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my lips to Andre—but I never knew...."

BENITA HUME

"I'm Madame de Chabris. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine...."



CARY GRANT

"I'm Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That's how it happened!"

FRANCHOT TONE

"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too..."

JEAN HARLOW
IN
Suzy
FRANCHOT TONE • CARY GRANT
LEWIS STONE • BENITA HUME
Directed by George Fitzmaurice
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

"Did I Remember?"

Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.

Wide World

Above, left, genial Jack Benny with his delightful "stooge" and wife, Mary Livingstone, vacationing from the popular *Jello* program, heard Sunday nights over NBC. And directly above, bazooka-blower Bob Burns of radio fame, looking a bit jittery, with Martha Raye in a scene from their new film, *Rhythm on the Range.*

Well, here we are again with the monthly harvest of our rambles along radio's highways and byways. . . .

—✦—

Quite a number of radio's stars are rambling, too—some vacationing, others working in new fields. To a few, summer is holiday time, to many it means movie-making, linked up with the business of broadcasting. Following the movies to the Coast twenty of the forty major national programs over *CBS* and *NBC* now originate in the film capital.

—✦—

Burns and Allen, starting another picture for *Paramount*, send their weekly Wednesday evening broadcast from Hollywood. Jack Benny, also signed for a *Paramount* film, will soon air his show from there. Bing Crosby and Bob Burns, the Sage of Van Buren, carry on their radio entertainment while working on their picture, *Rhythm on the Range*.

—✦—

Eddie Cantor is signed to make a picture for Samuel Goldwyn and United Artists. His next season's programs, under a new sponsor, will emanate from Hollywood. Bobby Breen, Eddie's eight-year-old "adopted son," is making his second film for Principal Pictures. *Parkyakarkus, Eddie's Greek dialect stooge, will be featured by* RKO-Radio Pictures *in a film with Joe Penner. And Announcer Jimmy Wallington is signed at still another studio.*

—✦—

Fred Allen probably will broadcast *Town Hall Tonight* from Hollywood in the fall. Kate Smith will co-star with Shirley Temple in a new picture. After the summer months, Walter O'Keefe probably will resume his radio work from the Coast.

—✦—

Other programs emanating from the Coast are the *Hollywood Hotel*, Mary Pickford's *Parties at Pickfair*, The *Swift Studio Party*, with Sigmund Romberg and Lionel Barrymore, *Shell Chateau* and Marion Talley's programs. *One Man's Family* comes from San Francisco.

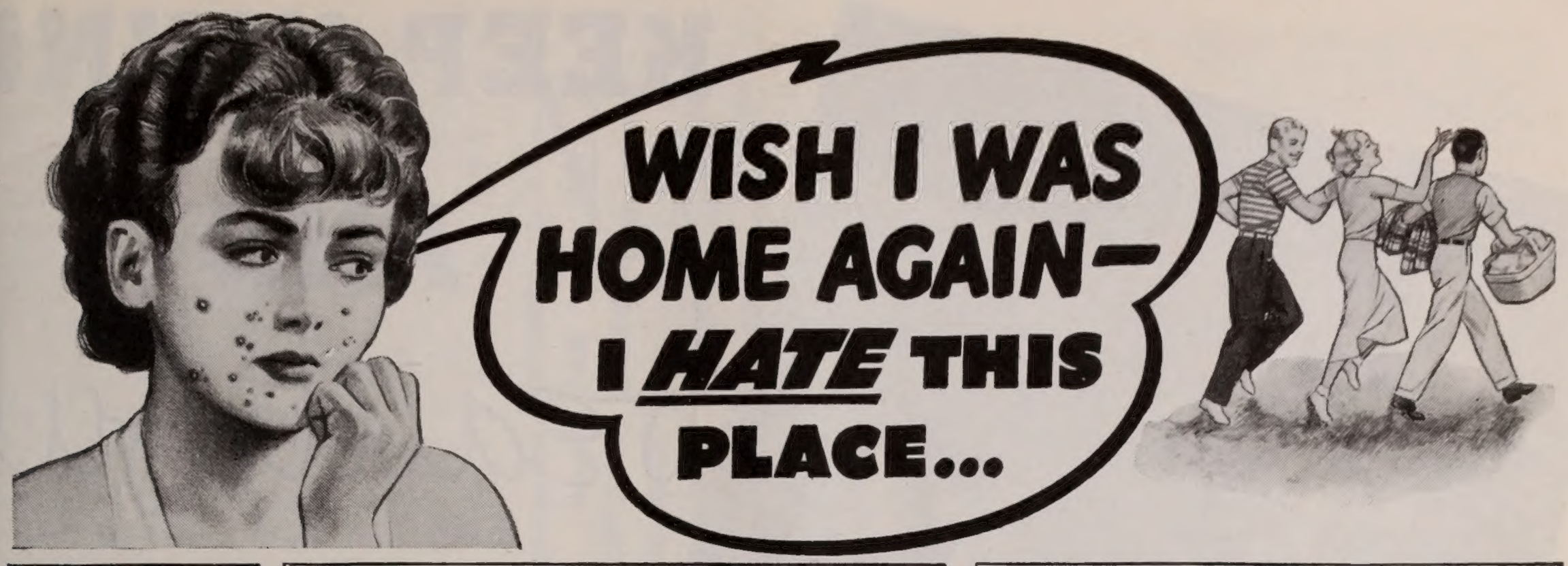
—✦—

Ben Bernie and James Melton are said to be looking westward.

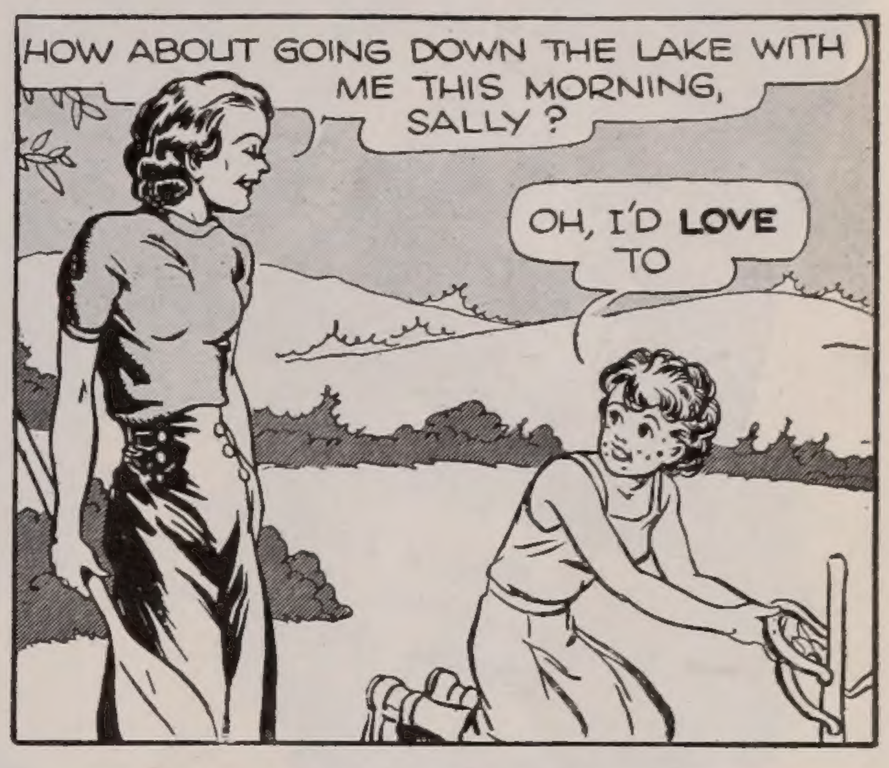
—✦—

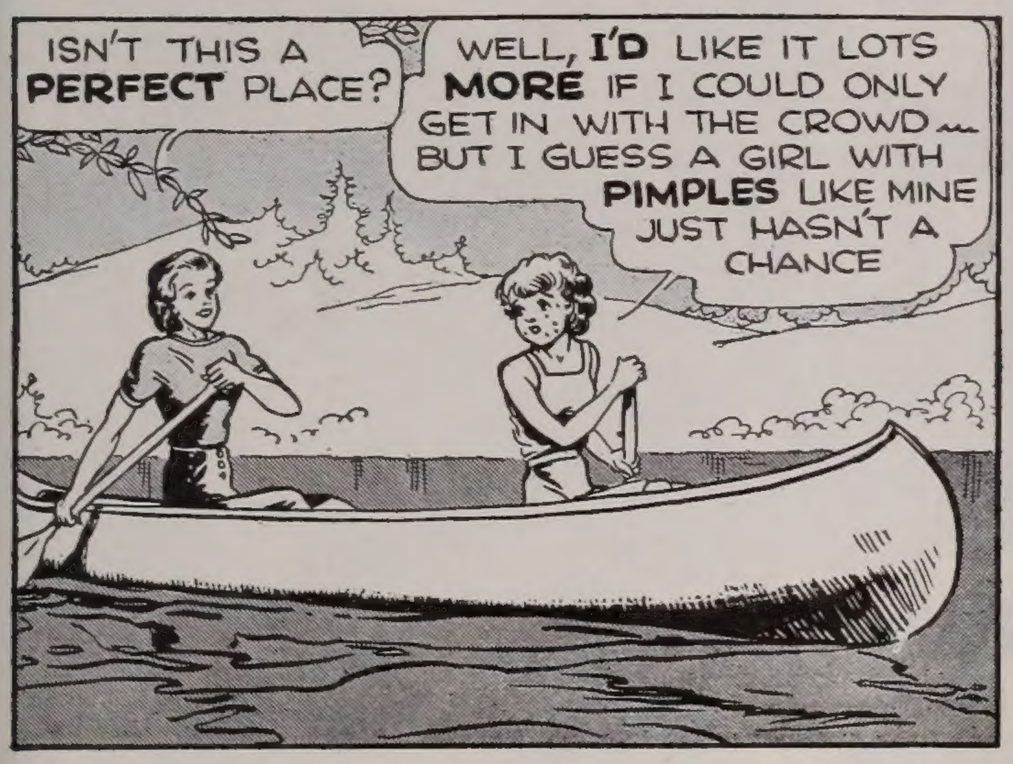
Among the vacationers, Edward MacHugh, *NBC's Gospel Singer*, is visiting his (*Continued on page 72*)

Latest reports, rumors and razzmataz from Radioland



SALLY'S BAD SKIN NEARLY QUEERED HER WHOLE SUMMER





—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from making friends

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence —from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

KEEP YOUNG AND beautiful

By Mary Biddle

Gracie Barrie and Evelyn March cultivate their own fresh vegetables for summer-time health.

Summer slimness and beauty are available for each of us and by a painless process

Durelle Alexander, Muriole Cole and Florence Muzzy at a milk farm popular with radio stars.

"But you'll look neat upon the seat of a bicycle built for two!" Or will you? What kind of a figure do you cut on a bicycle, at the beach, or dancing under the stars? Not as stunning a figure as you would like to, probably. As a matter of fact, it might be a good idea for all of us to consider slimming and beautifying routines for the summer.

Maybe you won't have a vacation. Many a wife and mother has to keep her family show going and doesn't get any vacation at all. Well, there still are all sorts of ways to cut yourself a slice of vacation-beautifying results without spending too much time or money.

Radio stars generally are handicapped in the matter of summer vacations. They have to take their vacations bit by bit, because the radio show must go on in the summertime, for your amusement and mine. When we vacation, our portable radios go with us, to the seaside, the mountains, or the farm; radio travels with us on the highways, in the air, on the water and by rail. So radio stars must keep the show going and depend on week-ends and spare hours to do their part-time vacationing.

Let's take a peek at the summer activities and appetites of radio's feminine stars. Gladys Swarthout finds bicycling one of her favorite pastimes, whether it be on the Central Park bicycle path in New York, or down the winding lanes in and around Hollywood and Beverly Hills. Virginia Verrill gets a lot of practical exercise mowing the lawn. The pet passion of Gogo DeLys is golf. Irene Rich is a superb horsewoman and is very fond of swimming; but in New York she gets the largest part of her exercising in walking. And walk she does, three to five miles every day. Helen Hayes spends a great deal of time working in her flower garden. Gracie Barrie is an enthusiastic gardener and is pretty much of a vegetarian in the summertime. When in New York, she likes to spend week-ends at the Bernie Milk and Health Farm, in Sunny Ridge, Harrison, New Jersey. Fresh vege-

tables are raised right on the farm for the enjoyment of the guests who are not on a strict milk reducing diet. Durelle Alexander is another radioite who likes spending week-ends at the Bernie Farm, drinking milk to her heart's content, basking in the sun, playing handball and rambling about the grounds and gardens that are part of the beautiful old farm.

Vegetable gardens and milk diets are no exclusive properties of the figure-conscious radio stars. Most all of us can have a little garden plot, unless we live in a city and in the latter case we can get a little exercise by walking briskly to our favorite large vegetable market. You, who are complaining about the frequency with which you have to weed the garden, should be delighted to remember that the stooping and bending involved is even better for your figure than setting-up exercises. Just try to keep your back straight and stretch, reach as far as you can. When you hoe your rows, as Gracie Barrie is doing, put your emphasis on that forward pull of the hoe. It is grand for the upper arm muscles that help to control the bust.

For your gardening costume, take a tip from Gracie and wear a shirt and shorts, if your neighbors and your figure will stand the shock; otherwise, wear the more concealing

Gladys Swarthout's favorite pastime is bicycling.

culottes, the modern feminine costume for bicycling, beach wear and almost every other sports activity. Never wear anything tight, any more than you would for a gymnasium class. Gardening is exercise! And wear a wide-brimmed hat to protect your face so that you won't get "brown as a berry."

Trying to make all your summer activities as (*Continued on page 71*)

NEW GLARE-PROOF POWDER SHADES

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

POND'S SUNLIGHT Shades flatter your skin in the Hardest Light

NOW you can defy the full glare of the sun! Go out into it hatless! . . . Confident your skin has only the soft sunny glow of early spring sunshine! Pond's "Sunlight" shades are away from the old "sun-tan" powders. Totally new in effect. Glare-proof! They catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . Soften your face in hardest light! Becoming with every stage of tan.

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 *Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices—Glass jars,* **35¢, 70¢.** *New big boxes,* **10¢, 20¢.**

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Courtesy Kraft-Phenix Cheese

Left, Julia Sanderson prepares a Sunday night snack for husband Frank Crumit. Above, one of the tempting salads they relish.

THE RADIO HOSTESS PRESENTS

Julia Sanderson AND *Frank Crumit*

SUMMER, as you know, brings many changes in the radio line-up. Some of the stars go off the air completely, grabbing a boat for Europe, a train for the Adirondacks or a plane for Hollywood. Others switch programs, hours and sponsors (thereby leaving a devoted following of fans madly twisting dials in a despairing search for the familiar voices of their radio favorites.)

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, for instance, are of the latter type—they haven't deserted us by any means but they have switched to a new show and hour. So you'll have to get into the summer spirit of the thing and change your *tuneing* in order to continue hearing them broadcast in their easy, pleasant style during the hottest of summer days! It will be Sunday nights at 7:30 over *WABC* for the next two or three months if you want to listen to the friendly voices and cheery chuckles of one of radio's

THE RADIO HOSTESS DEPARTMENT
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send me—ABSOLUTELY FREE—Julia Sanderson's recipes for Frank Crumit's favorite foods.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

I would also like to have one or two of the following leaflets if you have any copies left in stock:

STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD

BURNS AND ALLEN

THE PICKENS SISTERS

NINO MARTINI

PHIL BAKER

FRED WARING

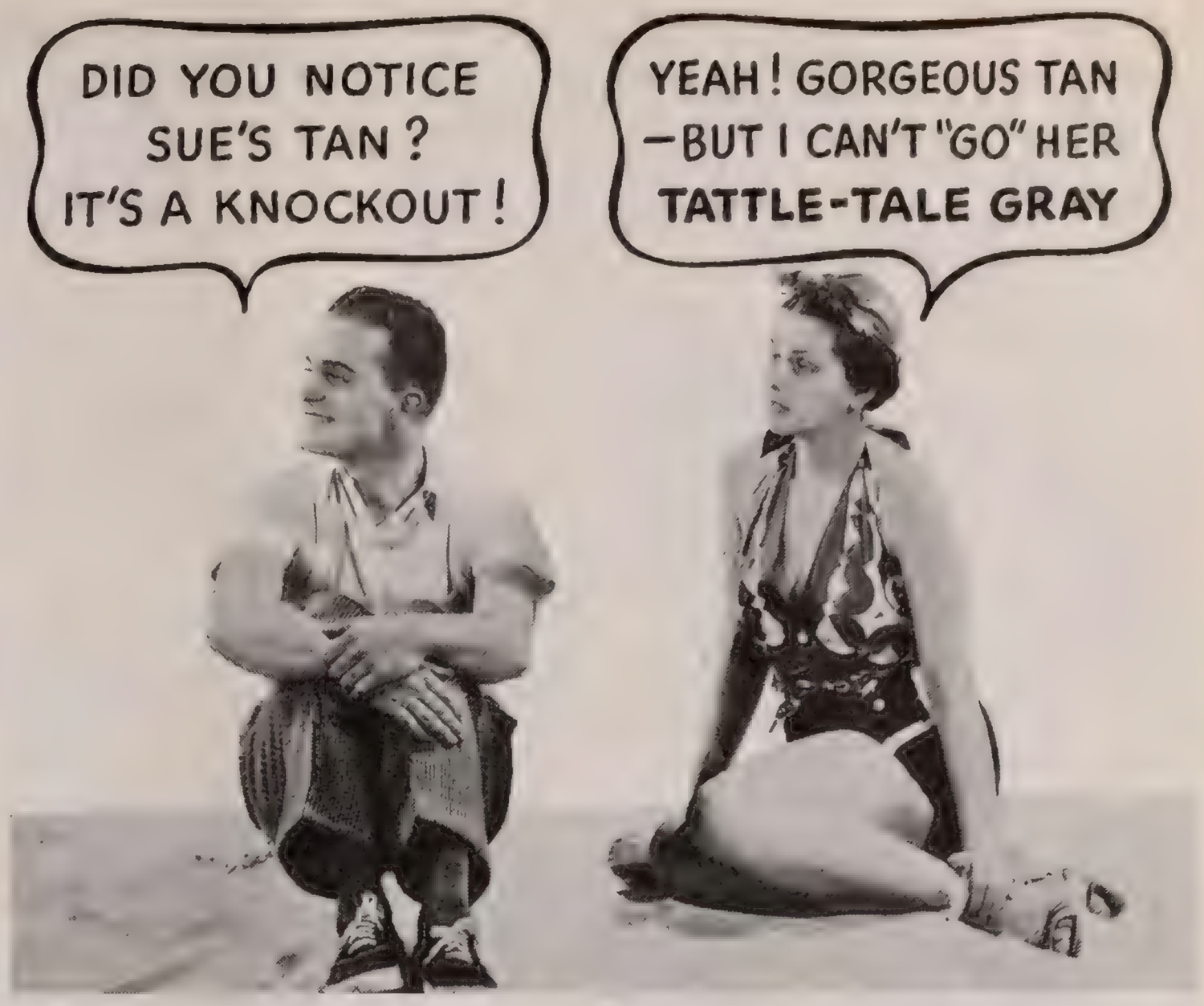
At home on their country estate in Massachusetts, the Crumits go in for bicycling and salads in a big way—and both for the same reason, keeping thin!

most popular and devoted couples.

But since this is an article dealing primarily with summer foods rather than with summer schedules, let's tune in immediately and see what culinary suggestions we can collect from the exuberant Frank and his "Gentle Julia." It's a foregone conclusion that such a cosmopolitan couple would know a great deal about the fine art of eating well, so we are bound to pick up some interesting ideas through discussing foods and entertaining with them.

About the only time you can catch this popular pair, however, is at the studio just before or after a broadcast. For the minute they are off the air they shake the dust of the city from their roving feet and make a bee-line for their Massachusetts home which is amusingly, but not prophetically named, *"Dunrovin'."*

"We thought we really had 'Done Roving' when we first went there," Julia Sanderson Crumit assured me. "Then along came the radio and it seems that our roving days have just begun! However we try to spend at least four days of every week at our country place. The rest of the time we (*Continued on page 78*)



"Oh, you cat! Why don't you tell Sue how to get rid of tattle-tale gray instead of meowing behind her back?"
"Don't worry, darling. I *will* tell her, first time I catch her alone."

"I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, Sue—but your clothes *do* tattle about you. It's not your fault. I know you aren't careless. But that lazy soap you use doesn't wash clean, and the clothes say so."

"Now you just change to my standby, Fels-Naptha. That *richer, golden soap* is *so packed with naptha* dirt practically flies out. Try it for stockings and undies, too—it's wonderfully gentle. And it's easier on hands because every bar holds glycerine."

"P-s-s-st, it's Sue. She wants us for dinner so we can see how perfectly grand her linens and things look now."
"Boy, one of *her* dinners is something. You'd better go tipping off *all* your friends to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!"

© FELS & CO., 1936

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Remember one little thing

...or *this*

may not come true!

ON your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel . . . and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing—don't let a harsh, over-acting cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm ...upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

WHY A CORRECTLY TIMED LAXATIVE IS PREFERABLE

When you choose Ex-Lax you are choosing a laxative that works g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y . . . that takes 6 to 8 hours to be effective. In other words, a laxative that's *correctly timed.* Its action is thorough. Yet Ex-Lax is so mild and so gentle that it won't cause you even a moment's uneasiness. There'll be no shock to your system, no pain or disturbance of any kind.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

And here's another nice thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious, creamy chocolate. Buy Ex-Lax at any drug store. Tuck it in your traveling bag. There's a 10c size, and a still more economical size at 25c.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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Charlotte Geer
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James Sullivan
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.

C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.

Larry Wolfers
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.

James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.

HOW DO YOUR FAVORITES RANK

1. **FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR (CBS) ...87.4**
   Symphonies are still supreme.

2. **GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC) ...83.6**
   Classically doing the classics.

3. **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS)..82.4**
   Lily Pons, Nino Martini, Andre Kostelanetz.

4. **CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA: JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).81.1**
   Starring Jessica Dragonette, the nation's favorite soprano.

5. **JACK BENNY, MARY LIVINGSTONE, KENNY BAKER AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) 80.5**
   The air's leading comic.

6. **MARCH OF TIME (CBS).....79.2**
   World events and personalities in exciting dramatizations.

7. **TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC)....78.9**
   Fred Allen and his merrymakers.

8. **LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS).....78.7**
   Hollywood favorites in tabloid versions of stage successes.

9. **EDWIN C. HILL—HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS (NBC) 78.5**
   The current happenings flavored with romance and adventure.

10. **FLEISCHMANN HOUR (NBC) 77.4**
    Rudy Vallee, supported by the best guest stars available.

11. **THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA (NBC)..77.1**
    Variety on the wing.

12. **A & P GYPSIES (NBC).....77.0**
    Current winner of our Distinguished Service Award.

13. **EVERYBODY'S MUSIC—HOWARD BARLOW AND COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS) 75.8**
    The latest in symphonies.

14. **RICHARD HIMBER AND ORCHESTRA (CBS) 75.6**
    Melodious dance music with the distinctive harp effect.

15. **ANDRE KOSTELANETZ (CBS).....75.0**
    Combining the past and present in music.

16. **FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS) (NBC) 74.7**
    Good music, good fun, a good time.

OUR NEW SYSTEM

The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25%, and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of RADIO STARS Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or announcements.

17. **ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).....74.2**
    Radio's most enduring drama.

18. **VOICE OF FIRESTONE (NBC).....73.9**
    Margaret Speaks is featured. Her voice is as beautiful as any you'll ever hear.

19. **WOODBURY PRESENTS PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES (NBC)..73.7**
    Paul has crowded so much into his program that there's little time for himself.

20. **WILDERNESS ROAD (CBS).....73.4**
    Well worth the dialing.

21. **AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (NBC) 72.8**
    Frank Munn and Lucy Monroe. Music the soul enjoys.

22. **MELODIANA WITH FRANK MUNN AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) ...72.8**
    Now rating equally high with the American Album.

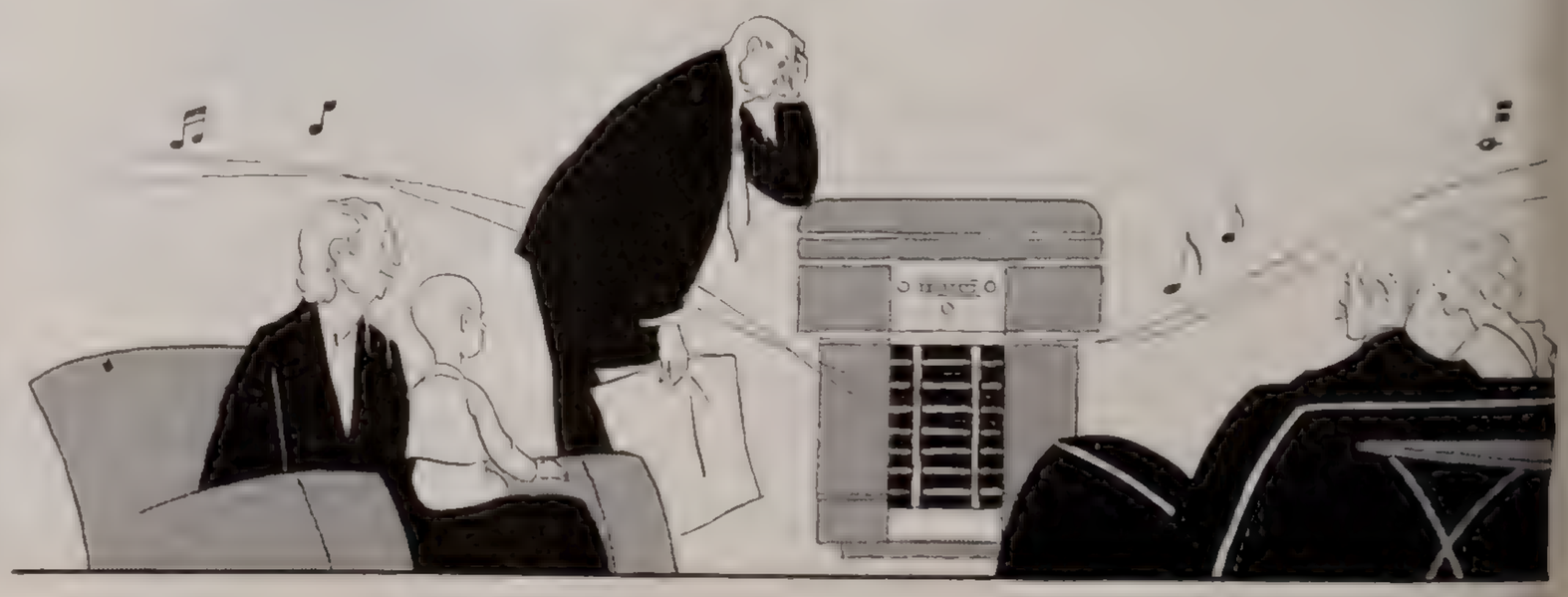
23. **BING CROSBY WITH JIMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) 72.0**
    Bing and much informality.

24. **LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).....72.0**
    Items of interest.

25. **THE SINGING LADY (NBC).....71.8**
    Glad tidings in song.

26. **BOAKE CARTER (CBS).....71.5**
    Frankest of the commentators.

27. **SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE AND ORGAN (CBS) 71.4**
    Restful.



REVIEW

H. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

Joe Haeffner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.

Andrew W. Foppe
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.

Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal

IN THE RATINGS?

28. WALTZ TIME (NBC) 70.2
Frank Munn again.

29. BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS).....70.0
Gracie continues to roll you in the aisles.

30. JACK HYLTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC) 69.8
Alec Templeton steals the show.

31. STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD (CBS)..69.6
Common sense in the guise of hilarity.

32. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS) 68.9
Perennially popular.

33. SHELL CHATEAU (NBC).....68.9
Starring Smith Ballew, a new personality.

34. EASY ACES (NBC).....68.6
Humor of the smarter type.

35. AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).....68.0
America's blackface institution.

36. CONTENTED PROGRAM (NBC)....67.7
Starring the Lullaby Lady.

37. YOUR HIT PARADE (NBC).....67.6
Presenting the current best-selling dance tunes.

38. NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC)..67.2
Rustic rhythm, folks.

39. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS).....67.0
Movie stars on parade.

40. MARION TALLEY (NBC).....66.8
The former opera star returns to delight a host of admirers.

41. THE GOLDBERGS (CBS).....66.1
Genuine and appealing.

42. PHILLIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC) ...66.0
Leo Reisman and his distinctive arrangements and, of course, Johnny and his announcements.

43. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS (NBC) 65.9
Ben combines dance music and humor.

44. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC) 65.7
Expert entertainment.

45. MARY PICKFORD PARTIES AT PICKFAIR (CBS) 65.6
How to be the perfect hostess.

(Continued on page 74)

Want to find "HIM" this vacation?

FEMININE ADORABLE YOU!—when you use MAVIS' all-over fragrance before you dress!

Men sense it, adore it—Mavis' flower-garden freshness lingering about you! . . . Adopt this secret of French women's charm. A caressing cloud of delicately scented Mavis Talcum all over—after you bathe, before you dress. . . . Mavis does more than surround you with an aura of allure. It absorbs body moisture, lowers skin temperature, helps you keep cool. And Mavis actually *protects* the youthful softness of your skin. So soothing! . . . Add fresh new loveliness to your charm—with Mavis. Its all-over fragrance lasts and lasts! Try Mavis today!

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

MAVIS
Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . .)—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____

MM-8

WARNING!

to the girl who's in *Love*

YOU spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes . . . you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. *The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.*

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusions a man about a lovely looking girl as this.

Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time, before dressing or after. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum doesn't prevent the perspiration itself — just its horrid odor. Depend upon it to keep you safe from this danger to your happiness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS Mum protects you from another ever-threatening danger of unpleasantness.

Three of radio's favorites in smart summer array. (Left to right) Benay Venuta wears a washable hat with a two-piece silk frock; Grace Albert bicycles to the beach in a blue linen culotte with tomato-red bolero; Jane Pickens keeps cool in a bright print beach frock.

Ray Lee Jackson

By Elizabeth Ellis

AIR CONDITIONED SMARTNESS

WITH summer in full swing, the hardest thing to achieve is complete comfort in dressing. To look cool is only half the story—you should feel cool! If you live out of town it's easy—you can reduce your costume to the comfortable minimum of shorts, sun suits, sheer dresses and such. But if you are a business woman, you have to invent ways to be cool without looking too casually informal during working hours. It is easy to get desperate and not care whether or not you turn up at the office in a sleeveless tennis dress, just so you are cool—but actually, it gives the masculine side of the business a turn to see too many low backs and bare arms about. What looks sporty and smart out in the sun, looks silly and in bad taste in a business setting.

Designers have made clothes as cleverly air-conditioned these days as architects and engineers have made buildings and trains. We've learned a lot from the tropical countries about fabrics that tailor beautifully yet are so light and porous in weave that they are cool. Tropical worsteds, specially woven cottons and some of the new weaves in synthetic yarns are per-

What radioites are wearing for mid-

Ray Lee Jackson

fect for daytime summer wear to business. Also the sheer crêpes, nets and tailored chiffons that you've found practical other summers.

Quite apart from the dress, however, there are all sorts of costume accessories that go in for the "keeping cool" theme. Shoes are completely air-conditioned with their open, sandal-like constructions, their use of fabrics in place of leathers and even the perforating of toes and heels to let the foot breathe. And foundation garments are at a peak of clever design in the way they combine enough elasticity to confine the wayward figure with the sheerest of fabrics to give lightness. Gloves are airy, hats are crownless, lingerie is completely filmy and stockings are made in (*Continued on page 80*)

summer coolness

Lyle Talbot
PICKS MOST
APPEALING LIPS
IN INTERESTING TEST

HERE ARE THE LIPS LYLE TALBOT SAW

UNTOUCHED PAINTED TANGEE

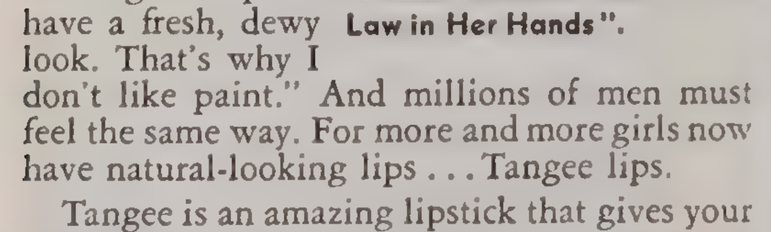
Here's the reason Tangee lips won with Mr. Talbot

• Lyle Talbot makes the test between scenes of his newest Warner Brothers Picture "The Law in Her Hands".

● "I may be old-fashioned," said Lyle Talbot, "but I like a girl's lips to have a fresh, dewy look. That's why I don't like paint." And millions of men must feel the same way. For more and more girls now have natural-looking lips . . . Tangee lips.

Tangee is an amazing lipstick that gives your lips color *without* painting them. It contains a magic color principle that changes on your lips to a warm shade of blush rose. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. There are two sizes: $1.10 and 39c. Or for a quick trial send 10c and coupon for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
This Summer USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM86
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name _____
Please Print
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____

GATHERING THE GUEST STARS

Studio scouts search the headlines for guest stars for the microphone

By Samuel Kaufman

NOTHING in radio smacks of the carnival and side-show spirit as much as the search for guest stars in the headlines.

An alert corps of program scouts is constantly on the trail of personalities of current fame. And the methods of obtaining the guest names, chosen for newsiness rather than talent, have to be diversified, indeed.

It is comparatively easy to deal with entertainers—comedians, singers musicians and the like—because the

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has been heard frequently.

Wide World

Catching Alfred E. Smith in a characteristic pose.

size of the microphone fee is usually the only point to settle. But when it comes to trying to snatch non-professional (but not amateur) names from the headlines, the first task is to locate the prospective guest star and then the bogeys of commercialism and mike-fright must be routed before the fee-dickering starts.

Some of the stories behind the searches and handling of guest radio personalities, made famous by newspaper linotypes, reveal strange, amusing and trying experiences encountered by the program chieftains.

If you could get a glimpse behind the radio scenes and view the manner in which headliner guests are handled and the many headaches they present, you'll pity the nerve-worn program producer.

Network scouts and advertising agency program executives use great strategy to obtain the outstanding personalities of current fame. Newspapers are scanned as soon as they are off the presses; wires and cables from representatives in all parts of the world contain advance word of a celebrity's trip to New York.

One of the choicest guest star catches from the headlines was Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe.

When the Dionne quintuplets made their début on the earthly scene, the program scouts pondered deeply over an angle for a radio tie-in with the lovable babes. But they realized it would be a long time before the five girls would be old enough to reac

Jack Dempsey, idol of the American prize-ring fan.

scripts or even before they could time their coos and gurgles to the tempo of commercial announcements. So, after some desk-thumping and pencil-chewing, the guest-star hunters set out after the humble country practitioner who safely assisted Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie into the world. Many sponsors were after Dafoe, but the distinction of landing him went to the Rudy Vallee Fleischmann Hour. It was no easy task.

The amiable country doctor, true to the traditions of his craft, balked at professional advertising. Many physicians hold that the ethics of medicine taboo such commercialism. So Dr. Dafoe said: *"No!"* But the network scouts had heard that word before and lost no hope. After five or six proposals—each one followed by the identical word of negation—they injected new twists into the offer. Advertising lines were deleted from the Dafoe script and the yeast product was made to appear as incidental to (*Continued on page 84*)

H. G. Wells, noted British author on a recent visit.

THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."

FOR FINE LAUNDERING

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

"Will I Be More Popular Tonight?"

YOUR mirror tells you the truth. And here's how to make *your* mirror say, "YES!"

Lovely young women everywhere tell us they are more popular with soft lustrous hair. Radiant hair alone quickly gives them a new, lovely fresh bright appearance. Now you, too, can gain this popularity. Have sunny hair friends admire! Blonde or Brunette, rinse brilliant lustre into your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

BLONDES – To restore natural golden beauty, to brighten *evenly* and give sunny lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair – rinse your hair with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES – Increase *your* attractiveness. Just a rinse with Marchand's gives your hair a soft, lustrous sheen. Or, using Marchand's full strength, lighten your hair gradually – secretly – to any lovely blonde shade.

BLONDES and BRUNETTES – You can make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable.* And so keep your face, arms and legs alluringly soft and smooth! This summer use Marchand's to soften attractively and make unnoticeable the soft natural hair on face, arms and legs.

Marchand's keeps you dainty and attractive *all over!* Start *today* to use Marchand's yourself, at home. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

TRY A BOTTLE–FREE!

(Use coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charming. Send for a bottle today.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 West 23rd Street, New York City

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... M.G. 836

For Distinguished Service To Radio

For over twelve record years, Harry Horlick and his *A. & P. Gypsies* have been radio favorites, rewarding listeners with a true appreciation of the varied charms of music.

Each Monday evening these versatile musicians bring cheer to the close of what usually is a blue, disappointing sort of day. It always is a pleasure to listen to their inimitably tuneful arrangements which give sparkle to familiar favorites and to the latest melodies, as well.

Harry Horlick, because of his masterly conducting, has established himself as one of the ablest maestros of the microphone. He gets the full value and meaning, however obscure it may be, of each musical composition.

Howard Price and the Romany Singers also contribute immeasurably to the program's success.

Radio Stars feels there is no program more deserving of its award for Distinguished Service to Radio than Harry Horlick and his *A. & P. Gypsies*.

Lester C Grady

--Editor.

HAS GRAHAM

"The crowded hour of glorious life"

By Nancy Barrows

At least Graham was at home long enough to pose for the picture up in the corner! And maybe all of his thoughts aren't with *Major Bowes' Amateur Hour* (*right*) and his Sunday evening assignment.

THAT sounds like one of those purely rhetorical questions, requiring no answer! Home life and Graham McNamee would seem to be as far apart, as divorced from each other as politics and patriotism. Why, the man is a dynamo of industry. He is radio's busiest announcer. His voice, according to an estimate made at *NBC*, is heard over the air more often than that of any other man. He is on the Major Bowes' Sunday night Amateur Hour. He is on the Rudy Vallee program. He is on the new Plymouth series with Ed Wynn.

Also he is the voice of the Universal News Reel. Twice a week he works for that, in the small hours of the night. Twice a week he makes recordings.

And in between times there are sports broadcasts, conventions, Kentucky Derbies, and what have you? A list of the special events that he has covered for *NBC* would read like a history of the last ten years. Remember Broadway's welcome to Lindbergh, to Byrd, Chamberlin, Amelia Earhart. . . . Remember almost any occasion that in some vanished hour made radio history, and I'll wager that the voice whose spontaneous lift of enthusiasm kindled the fire in your own heart was the voice of Graham McNamee.

It's hard even to imagine him away from the microphone. But, like any normal human being, he must exist somewhere apart from it. He must have some spare time to himself, some place called "home" to go to—or from!

"What," I asked him, "do you do, if and when you're not working?"

"Well," said Graham in his quick nervous staccato, "on Tuesdays and Thursdays I try to catch up on my sleep. On Mondays and Wednesdays, when I make my news reels for Universal, I'm up till two a. m. Of course they wait till the last possible moment, to get the latest news in their weekly releases. I enjoy doing them," he averred, "but I sometimes wish they came at some other hour."

ANY HOME LIFE . . ?

is certainly Graham McNamee's!

But his heart knows another haven

The trio above, of course, are our hero Graham, with the ever enjoyable comedian, Ed Wynn and (right) their orchestra leader, Lennie Hayton. Together they make that brightest half hour on our Tuesday evenings.

"Do you ever get a real vacation?" I asked him. One must get away from things occasionally, however pleasant and profitable they may be, in order to store up new zest and energy for the day's demands.

"Oh, I manage to have a couple of weeks every summer," he said. "I can get away from everything except the Ed Wynn program. I usually go up in the Adirondacks, and come back from there for that program. I get a plane Monday night back to the city. Rehearse and broadcast on Tuesday. Then back to the camp Wednesday noon. Of course," his Irish smile was twisted, "that's nearly half of the week gone!

"I've dreamed for years," he went on, "of a European vacation. Six or eight weeks in Europe. . ." He said the words dreamily, the crisp staccato for the first time missing. "I've never been there. . . I'd love to see Europe! But when I do, I guess it will be from a wheel chair!"

He plays golf whenever he gets a chance. "Last week I played nine holes, twice," he told me. "It was the first time I'd tried it since I hurt my ankle. I was on crutches for fifteen weeks."

"That wasn't another consequence of the soap-box derby, was it?" I asked

"Oh, no!" He tapped his head. "That was the head—that's permanent! This was just from slipping on a wet curb. It was good to be able to get some exercise again," he went on. "While I was laid up, I put on thirty-four pounds!"

He doesn't look overweight, however. Perhaps that is because his head is rather a long oval, giving a suggestion of slimness. And he walks quickly, as he speaks, with a nervous, springy energy that does not suggest heaviness

"What," I pursued, "about the time when the fires of enthusiasm will die down, when you will think longingly of the big chair by the fireside, slippers and a pipe and a book? Do you plan to retire (*Continued on page 68*)

DID RADIO SAVE FRANK FAY'S LIFE ?

By Gladys Hall

A FEW months ago Frank Fay went away from Hollywood.

He closed the doors of an empty house behind him, for Barbara Stanwyck and their little adopted son were gone—Barbara who had stood, as one embattled, protesting stormily her great love for Fay and greater gratitude to him . . .

He hadn't done anything worth his doing for some two years. And the fattest nest-egg can dwindle, taxes and tributes being what they are, in that length of time.

The movies had not been Eldorado for Frank Fay . . . Vaudeville, in which he had once reigned right royally, is all but dead . . . The Palace Theatre in New York, where once he headlined for sixteen record-breaking weeks, now is a picture palace . . . Broadway—and he was Broadway's "Favorite Son"—has moved its theatrical trunks to Hollywood . . .

And so, what of the man who was born, all but literally, in a theatrical trunk?

For Frank Fay was born, in San Francisco, of theatrical folks. As a boy, he played in the theatre with theatre people for his pals. He went to school backstage and in hotel rooms. He made his first appearance on any stage, at the age of seven, as a teddy bear in Victor Herbert's *Babes In Toyland*. Some of his earlier rôles were with with E. H. Sothern, the great Shakespearian actor, and with Henry Irving—quite a jump, from a teddy bear to the Bard of Avon!

Fay "went to college"—to himself. He was his own class and his own professor. He majored in psychology and philosophy—and maybe folks are right when they say, portentously that there is "a deeper meaning" under the droll Fay surface. But Fay refuses to take himself seriously. He'll say "'Deeper meaning?' Why, sure! Have you heard about my new association?"—and he's off and away again. Fey, that's Fay!

Because sometimes he isn't a comedian at all. There are those human interest tales of his—you might call them sob stories—of suffering he has seen and helped to bear, of down-and-outers and fighters who have taken the last count, and of children who could do with extra milk. . . Yes, once in awhile Fay forgets to cadge for a laugh—and then he makes you cry!

But mostly he likes to talk about his clubs and associations. Like *The Amalgamated Haters of America, The Association of Excavation Watchers, The We-Do-Your-Bawling-Out-For-You Club,* the *Seeds of Discord Company, Inc.* He explained the *Seeds of Discord Enterprise* to me himself.

He said: "It's a social racket, purely. I'll be out for an evening, with friends. I'll pause in front of a husband and catch his eye and then glance over at the wife who is, doubtless, talking about her children to some world-weary man. But I'll raise my eyebrow a *soupçon* and I'll murmur something half heard and then I'll stroll away and—oh, but nonchalantly! And the husband will be uneasy, he won't know why. And he won't know what I meant, nor even what I said. But he'll never quite forget—he'll never feel *quite* the same about his wife again! He'll wonder—he'll be uneasy—the Seed of Discord will be sown! It's fun! Try it some time."

This is the man who went away from Hollywood a few months ago. This is the man who was, I think, broken-hearted.

I only think so. . . Let me make that clear. I don't *know* it! Fay didn't say so. Fay *said* just the opposite. He even agreed with me that it would make a swell yarn to break down and sob that Fay had been crushed, defeated, hurt. But he couldn't tell a lie. 'Twarn't so! But then, he wouldn't admit it, anyway! He wouldn't admit anything without a smile on his lips. He is of the clown-with-the-breaking-heart stuff. He is an Irishman and a *fighting* Irishman.

He did say this: "I'm either down or I'm up. I have my melancholy hours, plenty of 'em. I used to have them for no good reason at all. Now, when I have them—*there is a reason.*"

And you can draw your own conclusions from that statement, as I did.

But I'd heard that there were, for a

Broadway's idol, vaudeville's unique funster, Elf of the Ether, Frank Fay also has known depths of despair

time, few gay parties for Fay. The grape, I knew, too, was crushed and dry. The wisecrack, the ready wit, the sardonic humor were tinged with that "twist" which is the other side of the Celt.

"Fay has fayded," he is reported to have said, with his twisty smile.

And so Fay went to New York..

He told me: "I went on personal business—real estate, mostly—and to get away from Hollywood, because there were so many things here to remind me—and there's no remuneration in being reminded."

He went to New York with no thought of what was in store for him. When I asked him if he had had radio in mind he said:

"I suppose I did have it at the back of my head —but I had no definite plan, nor any plan at all of any kind. But then, I never do make definite plans. I never have a formula about anything."

Perhaps he went back to New York with a certain nostalgia for the scenes of his early triumphs—the many successful Broadway shows, the *Winter Garden,* the trouping, tremendous vaudeville days. Perhaps, who knows, he thought of the days when he first met young Barbara Stanwyck and by his shrewd advice, his knowledge of the game she was just beginning to play, his entree, he built up her faith in herself, her faith in mankind, and so helped her to rise, as she so often has said he did, to her eventual stardom.

Mere guesswork again. When we were talking together in his home in Brentwood Hills—the home he and Barbara had built and planned and made a home together—Fay said: "You have never heard me make any statement about Barbara, have you?" I admitted that I never had. And he added: "And you never will. If I haven't made a statement by this time, I'm not likely to. . ."

And then, in New York, Rudy Vallee invited Fay to be guest artist on his program. It was a hospitable gesture on the part of Rudy. For even he could have had little or no idea of what the outcome was to be. What that outcome was, we all know now!

For, the day after Fay's initial appearance on the Vallee hour, wires, letters, phone calls poured in from all parts of the country.

(*Continued on page 54*)

Frank Fay Calling! In his new *Royal Gelatine* program, Frank Fay does practically everything except lead the orchestra.

JESSICA'S AMAZING SACRIFICE

Jessica Dragonette, "Angel of Song," of the *Cities Service* program.

NO star today—with the possible exception of Greta Garbo—has sacrificed as much personally for a career as Jessica Dragonette.

She began her career in Reinhardt's *The Miracle*, as the voice of an unseen angel. And she's never been permitted to come down to earth since.

During her ten years of winged success on the air, the pedestal on which others placed her has been built higher and higher. The curtains of seclusion have been drawn closer and closer about her. Her remoteness, it seems, has increased with her popularity. Until she has become a kind of golden-voiced goddess, worshipped by many but known by few.

With her studio but a block from the heart of Broadway, and her penthouse apartment looking down on the most exciting city in the world, she lives an almost cloistered, solitary existence. She is beautiful and young. Within her reach—within her very sight—are the gaiety and romance most girls yearn for: the bright beauty of New York by night, the swing of dance music, handsome companions, lights and laughter.

But these things figure little in the pattern of her life. Jessica speaks of song and poetry, art and inspiration. Ask her about her work and she murmurs: *"It is my destiny."* Ask her how she happened to come to New York to launch her career and she answers: *"I chase rainbows. In a cloud!"*

Her very entrance at her broadcasts seems to be designed to accent the ethereal, to set her apart. She usually wears white. Perhaps her gown is touched with silver. In the auditorium fifteen hundred people wait breathlessly for her entrance. No applause is permitted. A tiny, white-gowned figure, her golden head held high, she walks in to hushed silence. She is introduced formally, almost solemnly, and after the introduction there follows a second of awed quiet. There are no friendly, informal comments with the announcer, no bright exchange of greetings.

It is a beautiful program—lovely to hear, impressive to watch. But as the young singer makes her dignified entrances, her silent exits, you wonder if, sometimes, she doesn't yearn for a spontaneous burst of applause, a friendly: "That was grand, Jessica!" from the man at the mike.

Some remember her before the wall of reserve was built quite so high. When she was permitted to stoop occasionally to informalities or a sudden impulse. Once, a few years ago, interviewed over the air, an announcer kept addressing her as *Miss Dragonette*.

She stopped in the midst of the program and said to him: "Don't you like my first name?"

The announcer, surprised, answered, "I think it is a lovely name."

"Do call me 'Jessica' then," she said. "This is an informal program. Please let's keep it so."

Yet today, around the studio, this same girl is treated with a formality that approaches reverence.

There is something sad and ironic about that statement today. It makes one want to tear down the wall of reserve they've built up, lift her down from the pedestal on to the earth. For she must find the atmosphere of awe most oppressive at times. She must get very tired of hearing them tell and re-tell of her years in the convent with nuns to guide her and organ music for her inspiration.

"Queen of the Air," they call her—but Queens are so lonely!

By Mildred Mastin

Jessica with tenor Robert Simmons of the program.

Somewhere, deep down in her being, must be memories from her childhood of a fiery-blue Italian sky, beneath it meadows bright with bloom. Of streets in strange lands, warm with sunlight, radiant with color. Of singing and laughter and gay talk in rich, foreign tongues. Vivid, glowing memories, gathered during those early years of her life when she traveled from country to country with her father.

But one seldom hears of these warm, human experiences in connection with Jessica. They are far away from the convent and the ethereal, goddess-like creature who pours golden songs into the star-shaped microphone. Yet, the memories must be there, to stir her heart and quicken her Latin blood. To make her restless, perhaps at times, to tease her and tempt her and call her back.

But there are voices to warn her, powers who speak; "Think of your public. You are no ordinary human being. You are a goddess to many people. You cannot act as others do. People worship you. They expect you to have dignity and grace, to transcend frail human qualities. You are different."

Have the voices ever warned her that there is always danger, of building pedestals too high?

One cannot help but remember that those artists who have won longest adulation from the American public have rarely been kept on pedestals. Almost without exception they have been extremely human people—people who shared with the common man a love of earthly things. There is Mary Pickford, for example, with her wealth of (*Continued on page 61*)

IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT . . .

Wide World

Hollywood screen stars in a recent broadcast to South America (*l. to r.*): Garcia Pena, Buenos Aires editor; Olivia de Havilland, Francis Lederer, Leo Carrillo, Anita Louise, Sybil Jason, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond and Jackie Cooper.

The Sidewalk Reporter, Don Hastings, in one of his daily broadcasts from a Hollywood street corner. (12:15-12:30.) Don is the chap with the headphones.

Lily Pons sings in *Tin-Pan Alley* at the St. Louis Zoo. "Lady," the clever chimpanzee, plays her accompaniments.

Jeff Larabee (Bing Crosby) and *Buck Eaton* (Bob Burns) in a scene from Paramount's *Rhythm on the Range.*

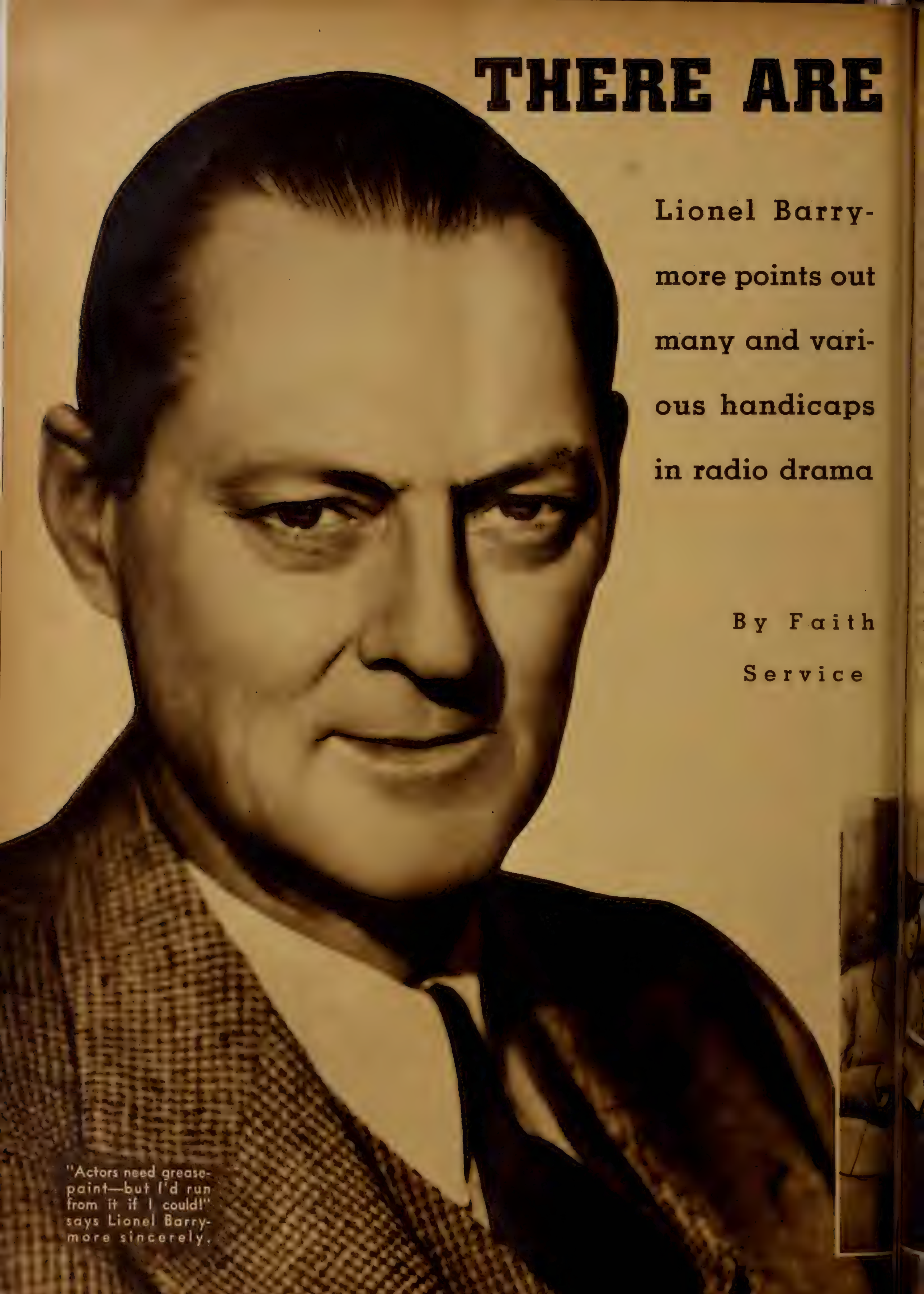
[illegible] heads Thursday evening on Rudy Vallee's program.

Mrs. Joe Penner lights a sizable stogie for her comedian husband, on a recent vacation at Palm Springs, Fla.

THERE ARE

Lionel Barry-
more points out
many and vari-
ous handicaps
in radio drama

By Faith
Service



"Actors need grease-paint—but I'd run from it if I could!" says Lionel Barry-more sincerely.

SO MANY OBSTACLES

I BEGAN by asking Lionel Barrymore: "How do you feel when you do drama on the air?"

"*Dead*," said Lionel, in that Barrymore voice which has all of the theatre, the throbbing pulse of drama, the distillation of drama in its timbre, "dead, dire and disastrous—as always!"

I laughed. And then I saw that it was no laughing matter and restrained my mirth. It is no laughing matter, either, by the way, to *get* an interview with Lionel Barrymore. Constantly in pain as he is, he needs all of his energy for his work and avoids, as he would a pestilence, such commitments as interviews and photographic sittings.

But we wanted especially to have Lionel tell the readers of *Radio Stars* what he thinks of drama on the air. For if anyone should know about drama—in the theatre, in pictures, on the air, anywhere, everywhere—that one should be Lionel Barrymore.

For they are the heirs of drama, the Barrymores. There is drama in the very tone and timbre of the Barrymore voice. There is drama in every line of the Barrymore face. There is drama in every unconscious gesture of the Barrymore hand. Everything they do, everything they say, every anecdote told about them is of the stuff of which drama is made.

John Barrymore once held audiences spellbound and silent for five mortal minutes, lying with his back to the audience, moving only his mobile hand. That was in *The Jest*.

Ethel's drama-drenched voice intoning: *"That's all there is . . . . There isn't any more . . ."* has become folk-lore.

The Barrymore voice cannot be disguised. "And that," said Lionel "is the main difficulty. The radio problem. For the voice of the radio artist should be, like Joseph's coat, of many colors. You should not know," smiled Lionel, with that somehow patient smile of his, "whether it is your Aunt Susie or Lionel Barrymore speaking to you on the air. But you always know, don't you?

"I admire," said Lionel, bending over in his chair, his inevitable cigarette limp between his fingers, "I admire and I always listen to Amos and Andy on the air. I admire their versatility. I admire their ability to throw their voices into other characters. That is as it should be, that ability is what should constitute the true virtuosos of the air. *Ventriloquism . . .* that's what radio artists should possess!

"But the character of the Barrymore voice seems to be an inherited thing, an inherited characteristic not to be got away from. It cannot be changed into another voice, not successfully. It isn't a question of dialect, it isn't a question of talking with a brogue nor with a Jewish accent—it is in the timbre of the voice itself. I am told that one has only to happen on a Sigmund Romberg hour and, without knowing, perhaps, what program had been tuned in, one knows, immediately following the turn of the dial, the sound of the Barrymore voice.

"On the air," said Lionel, with a short laugh, *"on the air the Barrymore voice is a curse!"*

We were sitting, Lionel and I, on the set of his current picture, *The Witch of Timbucktu* in the *MGM* studio. Lionel had been in his dressing-room when I arrived, phoning to his wife. (*Continued on page* 58)

Broadcasting that drama of nostalgic charm, ***Ah Wilderness!*** Cecilia Parker, Helen Flint, Barrymore and Spring Byington.

The romance between Barrymore and his wife, Irene Fenwick, former stage star, is enduringly lovely and serene.

SHIRLEY'S HEALTH COMES FIRST !

What radio means to Shirley Temple—and why she

By Gladys Hall

RADIO, take a bow!

For I learned something the other day which I never knew before—that you, Radio, were the beginning, were initially responsible for the beginning of the picture-book progress of that small, enchanting pilgrim, Shirley Temple!

Yes, if it had not been for you, Radio, Shirley's mother and dad might not have realized quite so soon how deliciously their baby Shirley could dance, how much delight it gave her to dance. For, her mother told me, when Shirley was very, *very* young she used to clap her hands with joy when her mother dialed a dance orchestra for her. And she would take little steps and then more steps, timing herself to the faultless timing of the best dance music on the air. Radio was Shirley's first dancing teacher. Radio really sent small Shirley to dancing school, where she was discovered by a picture scout—and that was the beginning of this incredible *Once Upon A Time!*

Oh, it all would have happened anyway, of course. A bit later, perhaps. It never would have been possible to keep the true and shining light which is Shirley's under any barrel or poke bonnet. But it was Shirley's dancing to radio music which first made her mother aware that here was a little girl who was not destined only for the making of mud pies. Her mother felt then as she often feels now when she watches Shirley acting on the sets.

"I can't believe, when I watch her sometimes," Mrs. Temple told me, "that she really belongs to me. . . ."

I talked with Shirley and her mother the other day on the studio lot. Shirley and Bill Robinson were rehearsing in the Rehearsal Hall. Bill was teaching Shirley some new steps for her new picture, *Dimples*. And it was joyously obvious that the master of tap and the most famous child in the world were friends and playmates.

Bill Robinson said to me later: "They brought me out here to dance with Shirley and to teach her dance steps. Maybe I shouldn't say this, but that child taught me a few things about dancing. . . . She surely is the sweetest little peach-blow lady in the whole world!"

Shirley had finished her dance steps and had run

Shirley Temple, famous child star of movies.

still shies away from radio's glittering offers

off. She came back then and handed Bill Robinson a slip of paper.

"What's this?" asked Bill, his dark face one wide, white smile.

"That," said Shirley, with judicial dignity, "that's a ticket—for speeding!"

"Well," said Bill, sighing resignedly and executing an exasperated tap or two, "well, then, I won't be able to be here tomorrow to dance with you."

"Oh, yes, you will," laughed Shirley, *"I'll ransom you in time!"*

Bill's rich, delighted chuckles followed us as we walked, Shirley, her mother and I, toward Shirley's bungalow dressing-room.

"Shirley," I said, "will you do something for me? I want you to give me a message to the radio fans all over the country. The radio fans who are your picture fans, too. They've never heard you on the air, I know, but they'd like to know whether you listen to the radio, too, and what you like best to listen to and why. *Do* you like to listen to the radio?"

"Oh, *yes!*" beamed Shirley, with an enthusiastic skip and jump. "Tell them I *love* to! We have one in every room in our house, a radio, I mean. And we're going to have one in every room in our new house, too. We have one in Mother's and Daddy's room and one in my brother Jack's room and one in my brother George's room and one in my room and one in the living-room and one in the car. And I'm always saying to Mom: 'Get a play—get a story—get a play—get a story!' I love to listen to the plays, don't I, Mom?"

"Indeed she does," smiled tall, dark, gentle Mrs. Temple, "Shirley is a very real radio fan, I should say. And plays are about her favorite programs. Quite adult plays, too. She listens to them with great interest and asks for them all the time."

"We have radios everywhere," Shirley went on. "Mother likes them to play softly and not all of them at once. Daddy likes them to play loud, especially when we have company. I think I like them sort of medium, you know."

"Sounds like *The Three Bears!*" I laughed.

Shirley laughed back. She said, then: "My favorite people on the radio are *Vic and Sade, Betty and Bob* and *The O'Neills* and *Uncle Whoa Bill.* He comes from out here, you know. I listen to him when we are going home in the car (*Continued on page 75*)

Stick to Your Script

By Ruth Geri

Willie and Eugene Howard, comedy team of the stage and the new *NBC Folies de Paree*, rehearsing some bits before the studio microphone.

No ad libbing on the air for Willie and Eugene Howard—these veterans of comedy find radio a strange world!

THE FIRST bizarre motor cars chugged and puffed to the grave alarm of horses drawing hansom cabs up Broadway. Queer jumping shadows on crude bedsheet screens were forerunners of gigantic movie palaces. Marie Dressler was a star; Eva Tanguay thrilled thousands with the abandon of *I Don't Care*. Anna Held was a reigning belle; Fritizi Scheff a sensation of the stage. Two little East Side boys clowned their way to fame in that glamorous era, an era that saw the beginning of the end of a glamorous race of show people—Willie and Eugene Howard.

Your grandfather and grandmother laughed at their antics thirty years ago. Your father and mother recall fondly their quick-fire quips. To you they are two new radio comics; a couple of fellows trying earnestly—and making good.

The names of Willie and Eugene Howard were household words before radio—at any rate, radio as we know it—had even taken the ephemeral form of a dream. The pair were veterans, polished, finished performers who knew every knot in the ropes of show business long before the first feeble squeak went out over the air waves. Yet today they are learning all over again; studying, working, trying out new devices to evoke laughter. They are as new and nervous as any amateur that ever stepped up to a formidable microphone on a Sunday night.

"Did I say learning?" Willie asked me ruefully, as he hunched his sharp shoulders with the famous tilt that has loosed ten thousand laughs. "Learning! That's not the half of it. It's a lot worse than that. Learning's easy. But it's the *unlearning* that's tough. Think of it! Unlearning all you've learned in thirty years!" He shook his head mournfully. Then as an afterthought he added: "Say, how'd you like to unlearn your *a-b-c's?*"

You get the impression that Willie is still a little dazed at the manner in which progress pulled the floor from beneath him.

"Suppose," he put it, "that you'd had a habit for thirty years. Any habit. Say you hummed, for instance. Well, all of a sudden, you'd have to stop humming or else—well, your life depended on curing yourself. You'd cure yourself, all right. Sure! But it would be tough, wouldn't it?"

Eugene had stood by in meditative silence. He usually lets Willie do most of the talking, but now, unable to repress himself, he chimed in:

"And don't kid yourself about that, either," he cautioned. "That's no joke about life depending on it. No comedian today can exist without radio or the movies. There isn't enough stage work to keep Willie occupied, and let me tell you," he glanced fondly at his brother, "if Willie didn't work eleven months out of twelve, he'd curl up and become an old man overnight. He'd die!"

"But lots of people who've worked for thirty years would welcome the chance to retire," I ventured, for show business knows that Willie and Eugene are what is termed "well heeled."

"Retire!" Willie exclaimed aghast.

"Retire!" Eugene echoed awesomely.

"Suppose I retired—what would I do?" Willie exploded rhetorically. "I have a lovely home out in Great Neck, Long Island. So I'd sit down in a nice comfortable chair and tell myself I was having a wonderful rest. After a while I'd get tired so I'd move into another room. In two weeks I'd have gone all through the house, until I couldn't stand the sight of it any more. So I'd decide maybe I needed a change. A little trip—to Bermuda, maybe. So I'd go to Bermuda and I'd come back. I'd sit in the house for another couple of weeks and then I'd need another trip—maybe around the world this time. But you can get around the world too fast nowadays. It was a real trip in Magellan's time. That would have been a life's work. But I'd get back—and still I'd have to find something to do. And finding something to do when you haven't anything to do—oh, boy, that's work! That's worse than unlearning things.

"I'm only forty-seven, you know, and the Howards live a long time. Even if I didn't, as Gene says, curl up and die, I'd wind up being a comedian—but in a cage and without getting paid for it! I'd go nuts, and they'd have to come and take me away! Why, every time I take a vacation, I can't eat or sleep and I lose weight."

Eugene nodded approvingly: "You can see how much we have at stake in radio," he pointed out. "For thirty years we've been working, building up a reputation. All that thirty years' work could be wiped out by one *floppola*. Young people listen to us and if we don't measure up to the other comedians on the air, they twist the dial—and there we go! 'Just a couple of has-beens,' they'll say. 'Maybe they were hot stuff once. Mother and dad say they were—but they're just a pair of old guys for my money.'

"And (*Continued on page 60*)

BETWEEN Broadcasts

New and informal glimpses of stars of the airways

Above, Jeanette MacDonald, with Mary Pickford. Below, Texas' Governor Allred (Center), visiting New York, is interviewed on *Vox Pop* program.

Below, Phillips Lord and Mr. Rosenthal examine the $129,000-worth of jewelry used during the *Gang Busters* broadcast of the Rosenthal robbery.

Below, Durelle Alexander, "baby" star of Paul Whiteman's program, persuades a friendly chow to pose with her for the studio camera-man.

Below, Bazooka-blower Bob Burns and singer Martha Raye go west in a big way in the Paramount picture, *Rhythm on the Range*.

Elvira Hatfield (Alice Frost) asks her *Pappy* (Walter O'Keefe): "What's fresh air?" Pappy says: "It's that stuff that smells so strange when you come out of a night club!"

Above, lucky Graham McNamee is welcomed by the *Eight Lovely Girls* on Ed Wynn's program. And below, singer Al Bowlly (left) runs over a score with Maestro Ray Noble.

Frank Munn has a friendly smile for the microphone—and why shouldn't he? He's on three continuously popular *NBC* programs.

Lady Peel, known and adored here and abroad as Bea Lillie

By Miriam Rogers

HER LADYSHIP

SHE walked sedately into one of Chicago's great department stores. Small, smartly dressed, her sleek head carried high—dignity, aristocracy personified. Her mind on her own immediate affairs, she approached the counter, addressed the sales girl. And that young lady promptly burst into almost hysterical laughter.

"Oh, Miss Lillie," she gasped, "you're so funny!"

Of course that is the response for which Bea Lillie works and the more spontaneous, the more irrepressible, the better. But it is slightly disconcerting to have one's reputation as a comedienne precede one wherever one goes, to be regarded always as a clown!

I suspected her of having been annoyed, but she shrugged it off with a smile, murmuring: "I adore these shops—I can't keep out of them."

"And you don't mind always having to be funny? Does anyone ever take you seriously?"

Her gray eyes glinted with the humor that is never absent from them. "Well—signing a contract is a serious business. I used to tell Charlot I knew nothing about business, but he said I dragged in everything—"

Charlot's name slips frequently from her lips in the telling of her story, for it was in his *Revue* that she had her first opportunity and under his direction that she achieved success and world-wide fame.

"How did it begin?" We were in her dressing-room, between scenes of *At Home Abroad* and she was curled up in an easy chair, relaxing for a moment. "Well, I

Star of "The Flying Red Horse Tavern," and of "At Home Abroad"

On the opposite page, Lady Peel at home. And here with Walter Woolf King (left) of *The Flying Red Horse Tavern*, and John S. Young.

Illustration by Hamilton Greene

Bea LILLIE!

really started in England, though I was born in Canada. My father was Irish, my mother English. She was a concert singer and my sister Muriel is a talented pianist. They went abroad so that Muriel could study and I followed them! They had intended to go to Germany, but the war prevented that and we stayed in England. . . .

"I kept giving auditions all over the place, singing, oh, very seriously, you know, *I Hear You Calling Me*—that sort of thing—very soulfully! But after a while, I'd had so many auditions and been turned down so often, I didn't care what I did. When it came time for another audition, I put up my hair, put on a long dress and burlesqued the whole thing. You could have knocked me over with a feather when they gave me a three-year contract!"

She was signed for *Charlot's Revue*, but the great Charlot himself was not present at that audition and she had to do her act over for him.

"It was not a bit funny the second time," she said. But she was in the show and her feet, awkwardly but more securely than she guessed, were on the first rung of the ladder.

To her way of thinking, spontaneity is the secret of being funny. She likes to feel the audience's reaction to her sallies, to see their response to some subtle quirk or gesture or inflection that is a sudden inspiration. For this reason, her radio work presents a problem. So much is missed that is part and parcel of (*Continued on page 66*)

IT WAS a balmy spring day. Just the sort of day, I thought, to see Stoopnagle and Budd, if you know what I mean. I paused outside the door; an electric tension seemed to whine and crackle through the atmosphere as I entered. But it was the chambermaid's vacuum cleaner. Politics were in the air, club sandwiches were on the table and a low, muffled murmur that sounded like: *"Fellow Phoithboinders,"* came from the near distance.

"That's the Colonel," Budd explained. "He's making a speech *under* a soap box. You know about our campaign—to keep Stoopnagle *out* of the White House."

The Colonel appeared at that moment, slightly flushed. "You may say for me," he stated, "that in case there are those who think our slogan: *'Keep Stoopnagle Out Of The White House'* is not emphatic enough, we may amend it to 'Keep Stoopnagle The *Very Dickens* Out Of The White House!' "

"The Colonel is definitely tossing his hat out of the ring," Budd explained. "Is that right, Colonel?"

"I might even go so far," said the Colonel, "as to toss my ring into the hat."

"The Colonel," Budd went on, "will have the Capitol moved from Washington to Loggerheads, because that's where the Senate and Congress usually are. The Colonel, as a matter of fact, has an uncle who is incongruous."

I shuddered and retired behind a club sandwich. The Colonel seized the other half and attacked it viciously.

"Mr. Hanley," said Budd, "is here for an interview, Colonel."

Stoopnagle blinked over the top of his sandwich and said: "How are you?"

"Don't let the Colonel's dazzling wit upset you," Budd beamed, reassuringly. "Have you a statement to make, Colonel?"

"There'll be some more club sandwiches up in a minute," said the Colonel.

"Thank you, Colonel. That's very interesting. The Colonel also advocates changing the Supreme Court to the Stoopreme court. Funny papers will be wired for sound so they can read themselves. . . ."

"In my administration. . . ." the Colonel began.

"Yes?" I leaned forward, eagerly.

"Have another club sandwich," said the Colonel.

"Do," said Budd heartily, helping himself to the last one. I was saved by the bell as the waiter arrived with reinforcements and coffee.

"They say," I muttered through a sandwich, "that you are now appearing on a *sponsored* program—"

"Yes. We're appearing in Fred Allen's place on the *Town Hall Tonight* show each week," Budd admitted.

"Speaking of sponsors," said the Colonel, "we have probably had more dissatisfied sponsors than anyone on the air. We feel particularly happy in having dissatisfied sponsors."

"We'd rather have them start by disliking us," Budd explained, "and gradually get to like us, than the other way around. Anyone can have a satisfied sponsor."

"We're looking for a sponsor," Colonel Stoopnagle interrupted, "who will go on the air to advertise Stoopnagle and Budd, so we can be dissatisfied with *him*."

"That'll be a good time for our limerick contest," Budd offered. "Tell him about it, Colonel."

"Well, you see," said the Colonel, "the listeners will send in last lines in a contest for Stoopnagle and Budd to write the first four."

"Will *Mr. Bopp* be on the limericks, too?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, he's always around," said Budd. "Isn't he, Colonel?"

Mr. Bopp, as you know, is the (*Continued on page 62*)

Stoopnagle and Budd discuss everything from soup to nuts—particularly nuts!

By Jack Hanley

Stoopnagle

Budd

THEY DON'T COME ANY NUTTIER!

Exit— RADIO'S PLAYBOY

Radio's Bachelor Number One, Frank Parker, popular tenor star of *The Atlantic Family*. Above, with Tamara.

By Miriam Gibson

RADIO'S BACHELOR NUMBER ONE wants to settle down. Suddenly, he wants to stop playing, to stop being the answer to a maiden's prayer.

Frank Parker has decided he has reached the time in life when he wants a wife, a home in the country, with perhaps one or two little Parkers for company.

"I've coasted for years," he says with a laugh, his dark eyes sparkling. "But now—I guess I have reached the time of life when I should begin to make plans—plans for the future. Funny, I've never done that before. I've just coasted along, living from day to day without a thought of tomorrow. I used to think that all I wanted was financial independence—nothing more. Now I know differently. I know that life is incomplete without a lot of other things."

How serious he has become! Frank Parker, who in the past has never said anything without a laugh, as though it were a huge joke—this business of living. We have always known that he must have serious thoughts but never before has he told people about them. Never before has Frank Parker let anyone into his secret chambers of thought. He has always been the playboy of radio. He has always seemed to go on the promise that people only wanted to think of him as one who is "as funny as a card." He has never allowed anyone to suppose he was worrying, that he had worked hard to reach the top—he never admits that he has reached the top. Perhaps his is an inferiority complex. His childhood of rough and tumble play and companionship on the West Side of New York City has taught him that smiles, laughs, are the only things to show outsiders. Be a Pagliacci. A softie had no place in the hard school of his youth. Sentiment was something to forget or at least to hide.

What has happened to this playboy of radio? Why

Above, a glimpse of the CBS studio during a broadcast of *The Atlantic Family on Tour*. Members of the cast study their scripts, while Frank Parker sings a romantic ditty.

Frank Parker says goodbye to the carefree days. He has new plans!

has he suddenly turned about face? Why is he, for the first time, letting down the bars of his reserve? Without warning, Frank Parker is dropping his mask of superficiality. Is there a reason for this abrupt departure from his old self? Is there a girl in the offing?

"No," he quickly contradicts, "the right one hasn't come along, yet. Make me an offer!"

His twinkling eyes tell that he has said this often, that he is a born flirt, that he comes by his title of playboy naturally. Will he ever be able to settle down, or has the rôle of playboy become such a habit that he never will be satisfied to stop?

"No," he answers seriously, "I'll be able to quit so much play, so much romping around. I may want to do a little of it, but only once in awhile. You see, something has happened to me. Let me explain how I had always felt, up to this past winter—all these years I have been living from day to day. I always thought of myself as a mediocre singer—good enough to get along, that's all. How long it would last I didn't know. I wouldn't think ahead—I couldn't. I never thought about the next year—I didn't even think about the next day. Then, suddenly this winter, something happened."

He was excited. I waited for him to say he had fallen in love. His words came tumbling—but not about a sweetheart.

"It is my voice. I found it. I realized, for the first time, that my voice is something big—not just a mediocre ability to sing. I was excited, thrilled, amazed, a little scared. It happened during one of my daily vocal lessons. It was as though I saw a very small light in the distance. I knew, at that moment, that I had to shorten the distance between me and that small light. It was a conviction so strong that it took my breath away. I discovered that I had a gift, as it is expressed, that had to be developed."

Frank Parker is confused. Without warning, all his ideas have changed—about life, about work, even about love. What has the discovery of his talent to do with marriage?

"In developing my voice, the one I have just found in recent months, I must go into serious work and study. It has made me realize that the time has come for me to think about the future, to make plans, to stop drifting. My playing days must end. I want to do something worth while. I want to settle down. Marriage gives a man a reason for being. It is a responsibility that is good for him. It gives him an anchorage. Then, too, marriage is companionship. It is the right and sane way of living."

Don't crowd, girls, for Frank doesn't want just any girl. In fact he doesn't know himself who she will be, what she will be like. Frank Parker, the man who could break a million hearts, wants to marry, but for love, and love alone.

"Don't you think (*Continued on page 90*)

SUMMER SEAS AND SIRENS

And it's "I hear you calling me!" for all of us!

Marie De Ville's contralto, heard over the telephone, won her an *NBC* contract. Swimming is among her favorite sports.

Rosemary Lane, whose vivacious singing is a highlight of Fred Waring's *Pennsylvanians*, also is an enthusiastic swimmer.

Above, Mr. and Mrs. James Melton seek summer solace on their yacht. Below, Laurette Fillbrandt of *A Tale of Today*.

Above, John Charles Thomas in his power boat, *Tip Toe*. Below, Priscilla Lane limbers up before taking a cooling swim.

Below, Patti Pickens poses in her red and white chintz suit. The coat has a hood to keep her hair from blowing.

Above, old salt Curtis Arnall, star of *Forever Young*. Below, Betty Lou Gerson, leading lady of the *First Nighter* series.

LONG LIVE THE KING..!

By Leslie Eaton

THERE is a legend afoot that Wayne King is hard to interview. An unfortunate legend, for you are likely to approach him with a chip on your shoulder and thus do him a grave injustice. For there never was a friendlier, more open-hearted person than this famous band leader who, four times a week, brings his serene and beautiful music into your homes. He is utterly free of any pose or showmanship, utterly straightforward and sincere.

He is tall, with light brown hair and a healthy tan that survives the winter, broad-shouldered, athletic, handsome. It is his eyes that give him away, that reveal the sentimental dreamer behind this unusual musician, athlete and business man—kindly eyes, brimming with good humor, but with shadowed depths in which you still can see the little boy he used to be, the little boy who was hurt so many times. . . .

For Wayne King may be, and is, on the top of the world now, but he is there only after a long and bitter struggle against adversities that would have disheartened a less courageous boy. He loves to read books of philosophy now, but his own philosophy of life was learned not out of books but in the school of hard knocks.

To me, it is remarkable that a man not only should come out of such a battle with fame and fortune while he is still young, but that he should keep throughout such a bubbling sense of humor.

"One of my first jobs," he told me, "was in a doctor's office. I was only about seven, but I could sweep and run errands. It was a pretty good job and I kept it nearly a year, but one day I found the doctor's shotgun. Temptation was too much for me—I pulled the trigger and blew a large and ragged hole through his account books—and blew myself right out of a job!

"You know," he added seriously, "I am crazy about children—I don't mean my own children," (his eyes shone with pride at the mere mention of his proudest possessions, Penny, aged two and a half and Wayne, the new baby) "but especially the tads that have to work for a living, as I did. I talked to some paper boys in Boston—they made a publicity stunt out of it, but it wasn't that to me—it was real—and touching. I began that way, you know, peddling papers—it's not so easy as it sounds—"

Harold Wayne King (he has dropped the Harold pro-

Wayne King (left) rehearses. Above, with Mrs. King, who was a former stage star, Dorothy Janis.

The title of "America's Waltz King" fairly belongs to band leader Wayne King

fessionally) was born in Savannah, Illinois, in 1901 and when he was only four his mother died. In his mind, he has built up pictures of her, tender, sweetly sentimental, as real as memories. But he speaks of these things only through his music. His father, a railroad employe, found it impossible to keep his little family together, so the two older brothers were sent to live with relatives and he himself kept the baby, Harold Wayne. At seven, the youngster secured his first job and, after that, every minute he could spare from school was spent earning the pennies so sorely needed.

When Wayne was eight, his father took him to El Paso, Texas, but, soon after that, left the youngster on his own. Wayne found some odd jobs to do in a garage, lived there and kept on with school, earning what he could after school hours. In these lean, lonely years he knew well what it meant to be hungry. Sometimes the only food he had was a bowl of soup and crackers that he earned by working an hour or two in a little Chinese restaurant.

But what courage the lad had! When he was a little older and could find more work to do in the daytime, he began to go to night school, eager always to get the best education he could.

"When I was sixteen," he contributed, "I managed to save $25.00. I invested it in a wrecked Ford, which my experience as a garage mechanic enabled me to put into pretty good shape and, feeling quite proud of myself, I drove it in to Clinton, Missouri, where my father then was."

It was not long after this that the father brought his son a present. It is the only present Wayne remembers getting, and he has no idea where his father got it or what prompted him—but what a fateful present it proved to be! For it was a clarinet!

Lovingly, eagerly, the boy's lean, work-hardened fingers caressed the instrument.

"I knew nothing about music," he admits, "much less, perhaps, than the average sixteen-year-old. But I managed to pick out a tune—"

The gift was in his fingers, in his soul, but he had no time to study music. Still, he couldn't resist fooling with the thing whenever he had a little spare time.

"I owe my first step up to a (*Continued on page 86*)

The Devil's In Her Body!

Eternally restless Rachel Carlay of "Folies Bergère"

By Dora Albert

RADIO'S "French girl," Rachel Carlay, is really Belgian.

You wouldn't think so as you listen to the master of ceremonies announce her songs on the *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round* program. "Rachel Carlay," he says, "will sing. There she stands before the mike, so tall, so slim, so delightfully French."

She is tall. Five feet eight. And slim. But not exactly French.

"My mother was Parisian, my father was Belgian and I was born in Brussels, Belgium," she told me, gesturing with her expressive hands, "so I am what you call all mixed up."

Then why do they call her the "little French girl?" Well, she speaks French, of course, beautifully. The Belgians do, you know. And she did spend a good deal of her life in France, singing in the *Folies Bergère*. And some of the radio moguls really thought she was French at first. She has that French verve.

"I have the devil in my body," she told me. Which might mean almost anything. But I think she really means that she is one of the most restless persons that ever lived.

Our interview was hectic! Almost at once I was drowned in a sea of French. Though Rachel speaks English quite clearly, with a lovely French accent, whenever she is excited (*Continued on page 88*)

Quick, Watson, The Microphone!

Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street triumphs on the air

SHERLOCK HOLMES was written for radio!

In 1900 when A. Conan Doyle was setting London and the entire world agog with the amazing adventures of that fictitious master-sleuth, Sherlock Holmes, an Italian named Marconi was quietly experimenting with ether waves. His eyes gleamed into the future. He saw stars of the entertainment world floating through cosmic space. Perhaps some day an actor would follow in the footsteps of handsome William Gillette and immortalize Sherlock Holmes on the air.

In 1900 autos and airplanes were being accepted as established facts and the public was slowly coming out of its stuffy Victorian shell. Conan Doyle, a former doctor, was at the crest of his success as an author of detective stories. Inventor Marconi and Arthur Doyle never met, but their brilliant minds worked in juxtaposition. Here was Doyle unconsciously turning out perfect radio material in London, while Marconi, in Italy, was readying his engineering feat.

You don't believe Sherlock Holmes was written for radio? Neither did I. Then I spent five fascinating hours, talking about this phenomenon with Edith Meiser and Richard Gordon, who wear the mantles of Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes for radio purposes. Now I'm sure of it!

To any of you who never have explored the printed pages to find Holmes—he of the great Burberry coat and over-sized pipe—radio offers new thrills. He now enters your own parlor every Saturday night over the Mutual system at 7:30 p. m. EST.

Sherlock is no stranger to radio fans. He has been on the air before. But last year a short-sighted sponsor dismissed Dick Gordon and hired an actor with "a better British accent." The program lost its identity and left Gordon a broken man. Only a wave of indignant letters and the insistence of Edith Meiser brought the recluse of Connecticut back to play Holmes on the air again.

"I just had to go on playing Holmes," Gordon told me one Saturday night, as he caught a breathing spell between rehearsals, "for I have submerged my own personality, my own thoughts, my very life into Sherlock. *I am Sherlock Holmes!*"

He said this proudly, defiantly. When a man speaks like that, not even a powerful sponsor can squash him. Fate knew better—and restored him to his rightful rôle.

Putting the immortal sleuth on the air was Edith Meiser's own idea.

"I've been in love with him ever since I first became seasick," she said. "It was when (*Continued on page 64*)

By Lester Gottlieb

Two views of Richard Gordon, who is Sherlock Holmes, and (left) Harry West, who plays the ineluctable Dr. Watson.

Patti Chapin, of
Ziegfeld Follies
of the Air.

PATTI'S BEEN THRU THE MILL

Lovely Patti Chapin can tell you just what it takes to make a radio star!

By Mary Watkins Reeves

IF I could play fairy godmother to every girl in the world who wants to be a radio star, I'd chuck into the royal garbage cans all the auditions and fat contracts and "pull" and luck I had power over and give those girls something a thousand times more valuable than all the ready-made stardoms in the world. I'd give them each one undisturbed hour for a heart-to-heart talk with Patti Chapin.

I wouldn't set their appointments for immediately before or after one of her broadcasts on the *Ziegfeld Follies of the Air,* either. It would be too unrevealing a chat if it took place at the moment when Patti's life is temporarily all applause and spotlights and a dubonnet chiffon evening gown and coast-to-coast attention and flowers and a stag line waiting backstage and a brand new carrot-colored roadster parked outside Radio City's Sixth Avenue entrance.

I'd arrange to have the would-be stars see pretty Patti Chapin the way I saw her the other day, sprawled in near exhaustion on the divan in my office, devouring at four-thirty a cheese on rye that any other working girl in New York would have had time to nibble at noon, upset, blue, talking without a scrap of ego or reserve. Saying: "Do me a favor, will you? Tell me a radio career's worth the trouble. Tell me I'm just a sissy if I can't take it!"

Something had gone wrong at rehearsal that day, something that seemed trivial enough to me, an outsider, but to Patti it justly constituted a major disaster. She was pretty sick over it. "Radio," she moaned, "like everything else, is no bed of roses! Sometimes I get so tired and frightened."

When Patti talks, a rising star confesses more about radio than you could learn in years of knocking around New York. She's a person who started with nothing and has landed at the top by the cleverest, sanest method of procedure of any young vocalist I know on the air. The story of Patti Chapin and how she got where she is today deserves to be a working manual for every girl or boy who wants to sing for radio.

Suppose you were a small town youngster, eighteen years old, had a voice everybody in your home town thought was swell and were yearning to market your talents behind the microphones. But you didn't have any money, you didn't have a single contact in radio, you didn't even know a soul in New York. What would you do?

Oh, there are a million things that have been done before. People have given up their jobs, come to New York and attempted to break in at the networks. They've expected to find a job to tide them over while they looked for radio work. They've borrowed money or spent their savings on the sketchiest chance that they might be "lucky." Arrived in town, they've resorted to outlandish schemes and ruses to get in to see some influential executive or star. They've come, thousands of them, with too much hope and not enough planning. And failed.

Patti Chapin didn't do any of those things—she was too clever to stake her future on a brief gamble. She wasn't sure she could become a singing success in Manhattan because she'd never had any radio experience, but she *was* sure she could make as successful a dentist's assistant in Manhattan as she had in her home town, Atlantic City. She had the personality, the efficiency and three years' actual training in that capacity. So she saved enough money to support her for several months in the city, took a modest room at a (*Continued on page 82*)

"THANK YOU, GRAHAM, AND GOOD EVENING, FRIENDS"

Sunday night with Major Bowes in his NBC studio

"Once more the wheel of fortune spins. . . ." And once again the genial Major Bowes presents his ambitious amateurs to the faithful followers of his popular Sunday night coffee hour. Not often does he find use for his famous gong, for such is the skill and versatility of these unknown aspirants to fame and fortune that they capably afford an hour of entertainment which pleases the most captious listener to these programs.

...AND GOOD DIGESTION TOO!

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

MISS LUCY SAUNDERS,
OF NEW YORK AND NEWPORT.

SHE LIKES:

Smart sports clothes...Palm Beach... the young crowd at the Virginia hunts ...badminton...the new dances, including the *son*...the strenuous New York season...Bailey's Beach...lunching on *Filet Mignon, Bouquetière,* at Pierre's ...Camels...dashing off to late parties... Lobster *Thermidor*...and always... Camels. "Camels are delightful when dining," she says. "They make food taste better...bring a cheering 'lift.' And they're so nice and mild."

An experience: *dîner de luxe* at the Pierre. *Feuille Norvégienne,* perhaps. Then *Borsch Polonaise,* followed, if your Russian mood continues, by *Suprême* of Halibut *à la Russe.* Then Braised Lettuce, String Beans *au Gratin.* Then a Camel, a crisp salad, a Camel again...and an ice with *demi-tasse* and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager.

The delicate flavor of Camels is a natural complement to fine foods. For it is a matter of scientific proof and common experience that smoking Camels promotes good digestion. Enjoy Camels with meals and between meals—for their mildness and flavor —their comforting "lift"—their aid to digestion. Camels set you right! And no matter how steadily you smoke—Camels never jangle your nerves.

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*
MISS ROSE WINSLOW, *New York*

Costlier Tobaccos

...Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —*Turkish and Domestic*— than any other popular brand

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS

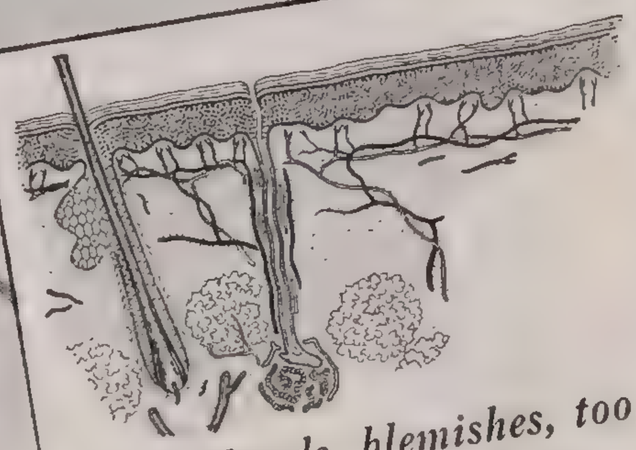
NIELA GOODELLE

Lovely Niela Goodelle, whose melodious voice you hear on Mondays and Fridays over the NBC-Blue network, is easily one of radio's outstanding beauties. She has appeared in several Broadway musicals and, in addition to her sweet singing voice, this little artist also is a pianist of concert calibre. Born in New York state, Niela grew up in Florida. Which may account for her mingled vivacity and languor.

Stretched Pores SPOIL THE PRETTIEST FACE

Miss Mary McHale, popular New York society girl, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin smooth and fine."

CAUSED BY CLOGGINGS UNDERNEATH



Blackheads, blemishes, too, start below surface

Cross-section showing tiny underskin glands, nerves, blood vessels which make your outer skin what it is—good or bad. When oil glands function poorly, pores clog . . . blackheads, blemishes follow. Read below how to treat them.

See faults go— with UNDER SKIN Treatment

THE three commonest skin faults usually follow one another!

Once a girl allows blackheads to dot her skin, she's sure to be bothered with blemishes, too. And, blackheads and blemishes sooner or later mean—*stretched pores* . . . hardest of all to get rid of . . . hardest to bear!

It's easy to understand, once you know how they start.

All three come from clogging just under the pore opening—the result of a faulty underskin.

The little diagram above explains—When the underskin slows up, and glands get out of order, pores get clogged with their own oils. Dirt settles in . . . a blackhead! Unless you remove that blackhead, it develops into a blemish. Meantime, all that clogging keeps stretching and stretching your pores.

Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker II

of the prominent Philadelphia family, says: "I'll never have blackheads or blemishes—using Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my pores finer. I use it night and morning."

Rousing underskin treatment fights them off

You can avoid them all—keep them from spoiling your looks—by the steady use of Pond's rousing underskin treatment.

Just day and night—a thorough rousing and cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream . . . and soon your sluggish underskin is functioning freely again. Pores keep clear. Blackheads, blemishes stop coming. Pores actually reduce!

For Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go deep into the pores . . . clear them of dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Then you pat in more cream—briskly . . . Rouse that faulty underskin. Feel your skin tingle with new vigor!

Do this daily for quick results

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe off. Apply more cream. Pat in hard—to get at that neglected underskin!

Every morning, and during the day, repeat treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments. As blackheads soften, press them right out. Now blemishes stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. H 128 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1936 Pond's Extract Company

New GLAZO

puts old-type nail polishes in the discard

You've never seen a polish so lovely, so perfect to use

GLORIOUS news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several *extra* days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS

(25 cents in Canada)

Did Radio Save Frank Fay's Life?

(*Continued from page 23*)

"More Fay!" was the loud demand. The day following his second broadcast the wires, letters and phone calls were quadrupled and, what was more to the point, five different sponsors called Fay and offered him, begged him to accept five different and desirable radio contracts. *Royal Desserts* won.

And Fay is a star again, once again, and literally overnight, Fay is headlining.

I went down to *NBC's* streamlined and luxurious building here in Hollywood the other day to watch Fay rehearse and to talk with him.

I hadn't seen him for some three years—the last time being when I had had tea with Barbara and with him at their Brentwood home. I didn't know him when he first came into the control-room. His florid color is almost gone now. (He doesn't drink even beer.) His red hair looks darker. He looks younger in one way, older in another. His eyes have the look of one who has gazed upon spectres of some sort. But then, his eyes always were sad, in startling contrast to his mobile, ironical smile. For that smile is just the same and when he stands before the microphone he is the Fay whom Broadway knew best—the masterly Master of Ceremonies. He is the Fay who is still jesting at the life he knows is not *really* so very funny—jesting, most of all, at Fay himself. He always refers to himself as "Fay," you know.

It was fun to watch him rehearse, to listen to him . . . he commented, he wisecracked, he kidded with Eddie Kay and the boys—his band. He writes his own lyrics, does Fay, and most of his own music. Which is something I didn't know before. He writes, of course, all of his own copy. Or rather, he *ad libs* it.

He and Eddie were having themselves a time . . . Eddie, the musician, in his shirt sleeves, Fay, the funster, elegant in a gray tweed suit and gray Fedora hat.

During the sort of murmuring singing of one song Fay stopped, turned to Eddie and said: "A nuance faster, just a nuance —*nuance,* that knocks you, doesn't it?"

And Eddie, right back at him, turned to his band and said: "Don't forget, boys, a couple of *nuances* for Mister Fay!" ....

Another time Fay stopped again and referring to a certain bar of music, said: "that is the clinker that has been with us from the beginning—let us get rid of the clinker!"

It's really too bad that we haven't television for Fay—for the play of his eyes, rather naughty, the shrug of the shoulders, the *tempo* of the body is worth seeing.

After the rehearsal was over Fay suggested that we drive out to Brentwood together for a talk. When we got there he excused himself, changed into flannels, old shoes, a polo shirt and went out to confer with his gardeners for a bit. For Fay knows gardening. He does a good deal of his own gardening. He knows all about soil. He knows what plants thrive in the sun and what plants in the shade. He is mad about begonias. He was his own architect for the beautiful, enormous house, spread, with palatial dignity and yet with the warm informal feelings of home, in the midst of gardens and pine trees and swimming-pool and tennis courts.

He said! "No, I never studied architecture nor interior decorating in any school. I learned about 'em the way I've learned everything I know—by myself, from experience. If I had a lot of money, that's what I'd do—build and decorate houses."

He is mad about this house of his. His best friend is Sir Dog, the huge St. Bernard which almost scares the tar out of you when you clang the bell in the gate.

He said: "Sir Dog is the only person I can trust. . . ."

He showed me the jade green fountain under a grove of pines and said: "I took that from the *Ile de France!"* He showed me the beautiful Spanish madonna who stands, so gently, under tall dark trees. I said: "She must be beautiful by moonlight!" and Fay said: *'Ohhhh.'* . . ." And I knew, by the single word, by the tone of his voice, how keenly beauty really stabs him.

And finally we were seated in Fay's own knotty-pine panelled den, with its ceiling-high book-shelves stored with *read* books, its large workmanlike desk, its etchings and prints . . . Two bronze placques, one of a baby hand, the other of a baby foot are welded into the hearth, irremovable. I think that Barbara must have had them made and put there for Fay . . .

And when he had relaxed for some minutes, I said to him: "Now, tell me about it—the radio contract—how you feel about it—everything. . . .

Fay's blue eyes were vague and he said: "I haven't much to tell about it . . . I have only one feeling about it, one hope, one ambition, perhaps—and that is that they will say, when my broadcasts are over: 'Why, Fay was only on the air for *twelve minutes,* wasn't he? I thought he was to be on for half an hour!' That's the reaction I want, that's the only reaction I want. I don't *work* for it, because if I worked for it I wouldn't get it. But I hope for it . . . I hope for the time to pass so quickly that the fans will think it shorter than it is. I want them not to be bored . . . I want them to be a little pleased, that's all. . . .

"I can't talk about it very intelligently. Because, you see, I have no formula. I never have had a formula about anything. I never know, when I go on the air, just what I am going to say, or sing, or how I am going to say it or sing it. I never even thought of previewing pictures until the afternoon of the day before my first broadcast. I can't tell you whether I am going to keep on doing the previews or not. Or whether I will change the way I do them or not. I don't know . . . I don't *want* to know. . . .

"The minute I have everything planned and set I get formal. And that's the one thing I don't want to 'get'. I'll do a little of this and a little of that, more or less as it comes to me. I'll talk about saving pieces

(*Continued on page 56*)

IT'S the snapshots you don't take that you regret. Snapshots help you to live happy times over again —keep certain days, certain feelings always fresh and clear in your memory. Make snapshots now, before the opportunity has slipped away forever. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio C721
64 E. Lake St., Chicago

NOW! Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Marvelously natural-looking. Try them!

Set of 10 20¢ At all 5 and 10c Stores

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS

Did Radio Save Frank Fay's Life?

(*Continued from page 54*)

of string and I'll complain a little and I'll chat a little and I'll sing a little. . . .

"I keep some sort of a record of what I'm doing, of course. But only so that I won't repeat myself. I have a general outline of what I'm going to do. That's all.

"I think I am the only one-man program on the air—the only one-man program who ever has been on the air. I mean, I haven't even an announcer to announce for me. I announce myself. I sign off for myself and for *NBC*. The only voice you hear throughout the whole half hour is Fay's voice. Fay'd better be good!

"And that solo idea is why radio is the best medium for me. I think I belong on the air. I've always been a one-man show. I've been Master of Ceremonies. I've announced other acts, as I did in vaudeville. Now I'm doing the same thing, except that on the air I'm master of Fay's ceremony, I'm announcing Fay.

"Yep," said Fay, and his blue eyes lit up, "yep, I'm right back where I was in the old Palace days . . . It's great!

"I even do my own commercials. And I'm all for 'em—commercials—sponsors. I've heard people complain that the commercials are too long, ruin the programs they sponsor, defeat their own purpose by over-insistence on the product and so on. *I don't agree.* Commercials never have killed any broadcast for me. I'm all for the commercial. *Our* purpose would certainly be defeated if there were no sponsors—how about that? And I think they're a welcome interruption very often—the commercials. Who knows—it might be more valuable for some housewife to know how to make a new gelatine dessert than it would be for her to hear me sing another song. More interesting. Nope, Fay takes his sponsors seriously.

"And besides, it's all tommy-rot to talk of boring people when you're broadcasting. You *can't* bore people when you're on the air. No one can be bored by radio programs unless they want to be and if they want to be they're not being—or they're unconscious. All they have to do is to turn the dial and my voice is stopped, isn't it? It's the one form of entertainment, the radio, where the artist can be booed off the stage and no offense given. And it's much more efficacious—(*Fay's getting good!*)—than the old Spanish custom of rotten tomatoes and ancestral eggs! (*Fay knows!*)"

"That's right," I said helpfully, "you really don't know, when you're broadcasting, whether you are going over big or flopping or what, do you? There you are—and until the next day—"

"What a doll, what a doll!" groaned Fay. "You *would* take me up on that and emphasize it! I never really gave it much thought before. But now—you going to be around quite a bit?"

I laughed.

"I like radio," Fay went on, "because it takes me into the homes. I love to go into the homes. I have the feeling, when I broadcast, that I am right at home with the folks, I can just see them sitting all cozy like in their living-rooms and dens, relaxed, at ease, nothing to disturb them or distract them—or me. They chuckle a little, I hope. Now and then there's a laugh. Radio is the only form of entertainment that's really homey-like—except books—and books are even more unconscious than Fay and his fellow artists. *They* don't know whether they've flopped or not until later, when posterity has had its say!

"I've done radio before, you know. When it was in its infancy. I guess I was about the first artist to broadcast and get paid for it. In the early days of radio most artists were glad to go on the air for nothing—for the publicity—for the advertising. I never felt that way about it. I won't work for nothing. I wouldn't even go down town to a broadcasting station for nothing—that's work, isn't it, just getting there? No work without money—that's Fay's slogan! Except, of course, for churches or for sick people or hospitals or something that's getting something for someone, but just to oblige someone who's getting paid—no!

"I want to stay on the air. Yeah, more than anything. Vaudeville, my old racket, is all but washed up. I want to live at home here in California, so 'Broadway's Favorite Son' has left home. I have no objections to doing pictures, though I wouldn't want pictures to interfere with radio. I've had several offers and so far have turned them down. I'd only sign for a three-picture contract, no more, no less. There's one I'm considering now, though.

"But I want to stay on the air. I'm crazy about radio. I like all of the programs. I can't name any favorites because they're all swell. Amos 'n' Andy are wonderful, of course. Wonderful, especially, because there's never a comeback from anybody, in any sphere of life. There's never been a smutty word in any of their broadcasts, there's never been an offensive syllable. They're clean and they're human and they're *swell!*

"I want to amuse people, that's all. I don't want to teach 'em anything. I haven't anything to sell—except Fay and *Royal Desserts*. I have no theories to advance and no arguments to argue. I don't want to preach or to pray. I have neither plot nor plan. I write a skeleton outline of my own stuff and then I talk it. I write my own songs and then I kid them. I get my copy from everywhere—the newspapers, the girl who waited on me at lunch, the servants in my house, the trees, the flowers, the bees . . . I always pick out one person in the broadcast audience and talk to him or to her, alone. Intimate like. Personal. That's Fay on the air—*personal.*

"I can't predict what I'm going to do next broadcast—nor even fifty broadcasts from now. I don't know. I don't want to know. A little of this—a little of that. I'm open to conviction, argument, suggestion, criticisms, ideas, opinions from all and sundry.

"I just want 'em to say: 'How-come Fay was only on the air for twelve minutes . . .' That's what Fay wants!"

"I didn't deserve their pity"

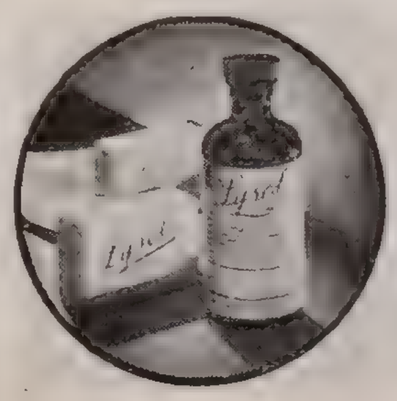
"If I'd known about "Lysol" sooner, our happiness might have been saved"

"WHEN my divorce was granted my friends pitied me, and blamed my husband, as people so often do. But I know now that I was really the one at fault. I had become irritable, cold, unresponsive...actually afraid to be happy. Fear and worries had preyed on my nerves till I was a different woman from the bride my husband loved. I wish I'd learned about "Lysol" sooner."

How stupid that we should let blind, *reckless* ignorance like this go on wrecking countless marriages! Millions of women know that the simplest and best method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is the "Lysol" method. For nearly 50 years "Lysol" has had the world-wide endorsement of leading doctors and hospitals. Used as directed, "Lysol" is so gentle to sensitive tissues that it is commonly used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

"Lysol" in antiseptic marriage hygiene has special effectiveness. It has a *spreading* quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach. And "Lysol" destroys germs *even in the presence of organic matter* (such as mucus, serum, etc.) . . . when many other preparations *don't work*.

To every wife who has been the victim of needless worry—accurate, authentic information about antiseptic marriage hygiene is now offered, in a *free* brochure called "Lysol vs. Germs". It tells how to use "Lysol" for this and many other germicidal needs. Just send the coupon.



Lysol Disinfectant

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.

6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

•

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP Bloomfield, N. J.
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant Dept. RS8
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS" with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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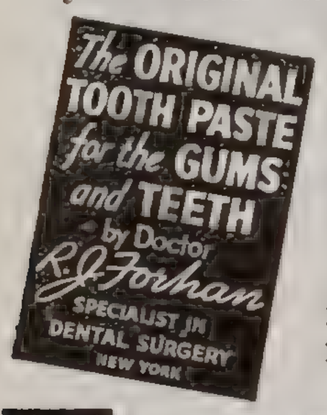
because she used a
HALF WAY *tooth paste*

Half way dental care is simply gambling with your teeth. Even in youth, soft spongy gums are the warning of disaster ahead—lost teeth, dental ruin.

There is no excuse for taking this chance. You *can* use a tooth paste that whitens your teeth and *Safeguards Your Gums* at the same time. Forhan's was perfected by a famous dental surgeon for this *Double* protection.

Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's does both jobs at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Notice how much better Forhan's makes your whole mouth feel right away. You'll soon *see* its benefits, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Begin using Forhan's today.



Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH / SAVES GUMS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

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"There Are So Many Obstacles!"

(*Continued from page 29*)

Irene Fenwick. She had been ill, and Lionel (who, despising as he does the personal note in publicity, may resent my saying that he is, without much competition, the most devoted husband in Hollywood) spends every spare, off-the-set moment talking to his wife.

The set was built to resemble some weird sort of laboratory where, one felt eerily certain, macabre experiments were in progress. There were retorts, test-tubes, all kinds of strange vials and bottles, bubbling and steaming with vari-colored waters. As Lionel and I talked Henry B. Walthall and Rafaella Ottiano were rehearsing some creepy scene, their tortured faces and quavering hands in keeping with the spectral background.

Lionel changed from a straight-backed chair to a more comfortable arm-chair on the edge of the set. He moved with the difficulty his constant pain causes him. He said: "I know nothing about radio. I am ashamed to say so. I wish that I did. I should. It is progress, radio. It is the next step in the progress of the theatre—or so it seems. First the theatre, then pictures, now radio and next, they tell me, television. I *suppose* the steps are forward. And I should take that step and understand where it, and I, are going

"But I don't know now. I know nothing about it. I do what I am told to do when I am broadcasting and whether I do it well or not I have no means of knowing. Which is another tormenting fact. I can know what I am doing when I work in pictures. I can see the rushes. I can see stills. I can see the finished picture. On the stage, there are many rehearsals. There are the dress rehearsal and the first night. If the critics are unkind the actor can change his tempo, smooth over the rough places, alter and amend. There is no such opportunity on the air. Once it is done, it cannot be retracted nor revised.

"I dislike it—but no more intensely, perhaps, than I dislike every other form of work. If I had a million dollars I would stop tomorrow. I would never again do anything on stage or screen or radio. As I have not a million dollars, I will die with my prop shoes on, no doubt. Or die shouting into the ether, perhaps. Die working, anyway."

I said, thinking of the long tradition of Barrymores in the theatre—Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew Barrymore, father and mother of Lionel, Ethel and John . . . thinking of John Drew—of all that long-illustrious family—I said: "But the smell of grease-paint—isn't it true that it enters the blood? That it is like incense, like a spur, like hunger?"

"I am afraid that that is a literary touch, not literal! The smell of grease-paint," Lionel smiled, uneasily, "is a stench in my nostrils. I would run from it if I could."

"You don't have to use it," I said, "on the air."

"No," agreed Lionel, nodding his silver head. "No—and just to be ornery, that is one of the chief difficulties!

"You see, actors need grease-paint. I am an actor, if anything. I am not a monologist, not a ventriloquist, not an off-stage voice. I dislike being an off-stage voice. I am used to using my feet and my hands and my face and my body. I don't know what to do when I am disembodied. On the air," said Lionel, "I am disembodied.

"I'll say this—I believe that it is more difficult for an actor to broadcast than for any other person in any other walk of life. It is far easier for the men and women who have never been on the stage.

"It is more difficult for the actor because, you see, the instant the actor steps before a microphone, he is deprived of all his tools, all of his implements. It is like expecting an artist, who has been used to all the colors in the spectrum, to work with one color only. If you have never used these tools, you can't miss them. But I am used to make-up, paint and powder, costumes, props. I am used to scenery and to changes of scenery. I am used to having other actors feed me my lines and to feed their lines to them. I am used to a troupe of fellow players who give action and reaction. *I have always been one of an orchestra. I have never played a solo.*

"Actors use their bodies. In fact, the body, all of it, is the actor's instrument. He uses his voice, yes. But he uses it as a compliment to his body. He plays upon his body and upon the bodies of his fellow players with his voice. The actor feels pain. He says some sad and poignant line but as he says it his face grimaces with pain, his shoulders sag, his head droops.

"There is more drama in a single motion of the hand, a lift of the eyebrow, a twist of the head, than in all the spoken words in the world.

"On the air we are denuded, we actors, of the tools of our trade. We are left alone on the ether with a single connecting thread between ourselves and our audiences—the single thread of the voice. It is," said Lionel, "like playing a violin obbligato on one string, in the desperate hope that your artistry may be miraculous enough to make your audience believe that all the strings are being used.

"Into the voice on the air must go, then, all of the make-up, the costumes, the props, the scenery, the gestures to which we have been accustomed. And which we have never, before radio, learned to do without. The actor on the air must be potent enough to make the radio audiences *see* the body bending, the eyebrow lifted, the tear in the eye, the grimace of pain . . . All of these and many other things the actor must make the fans of the air 'see' with their ears . . .

"We can't deliver a one-tone monologue on the air. No matter how dramatic the material, a pulse that is hammered too hard, even with drama, finally becomes impervious. Even horror loses its blood-curdling power if it is overdone. We have, therefore, to assimilate all of our being, all of our lights and shades into the voice.

"Then," said Lionel, shifting in his chair, his light blue eyes fixed on some

distant space where, perhaps, pain is not.

"I do not like broadcasting before an audience. I feel as though I were being spied upon in private. It's like having someone stand behind you, peering over your shoulder, while you're writing a letter. You know how self-conscious, how uneasy and indignant that can make you feel. That's the way I feel when I'm broadcasting before an audience.

"I believe that the personality is, at present, the least part of broadcasting. The material used is the thing. If the radio artist can write his own material, as Amos and Andy do, as Burns and Allen do, as Irvin Cobb does, that's fine, that's fine. For the material, the 'copy' is the sum and substance of whether you are a success on the air or the dismal reverse.

"It helps, of course, if the artist is known, visually, to the radio audiences. It helps the audiences, at any rate, to visualize the performer. They know, if they know your face and mannerisms, that you are liable to be making one kind of a face when you say one thing and another kind of a face when you say another. They know that you are apt to be gesturing this way or that way at given moments, under given conditions.

"I think dramatic players are good on the air—assuming, as we must, that the people are satisfied with audible entertainment. Plays use a fairly complete cast of players. And the deadly menace of the air—*monotony*—can be avoided. Characters, a diversity of characters, speak in a diversity of tongues. The change in scene and locale can be announced and, if the imagination of the audience is sufficient, the background can be visualized though never seen. Helen Hayes has done well on the air. And Leslie Howard. We all know what they look like and our eyes can follow our ears.

"Music, to my way of thinking," said Lionel, who loves music and art as well as, if not better than, the theater, "music is the art form that really belongs to radio. It is the one completely audible art."

"Mr. Barrymore . . . Mr. Barrymore! . . ." The voice of the assistant director resounded from the set.

Mr. Barrymore rose slowly from his chair, grasping the arms with thin hands. He smiled, that enigmatic Barrymore smile. He said: "I am sorry I know so little about radio—sorry I couldn't have told you more. Like most men, I suppose, I speak in terms of my own problem, my own experience. But I do say because I know, that to give drama on the air is doubly, trebly as difficult a feat as giving it on the stage or screen could ever be. When we succeed—well, the applause, the encomiums should be doubly, trebly enthusiastic, too. A disembodied voice," said Mr. Barrymore, as he moved away, "must be the voice of a superman!"

JACK HYLTON

Royalty's favorite band maestro and ours—in a fascinating story —in the SEPTEMBER issue of

RADIO STARS

ANNE: *"On what you earn it will be easy, Darling."*

DICK: *"Why, Anne, that dress you have on cost a week's salary, I bet!"*

ANNE: *"Goose, it's one of my bargains—cost next to nothing, and it's Luxable . . .*

"I've learned to dress on the tiniest sum, Dick. I shop for smart things at bargain prices, but get only Luxable ones. Then their upkeep costs almost nothing, because with Lux everything stays new-looking so long. Doesn't that prove what a thrifty wife I'll be?"

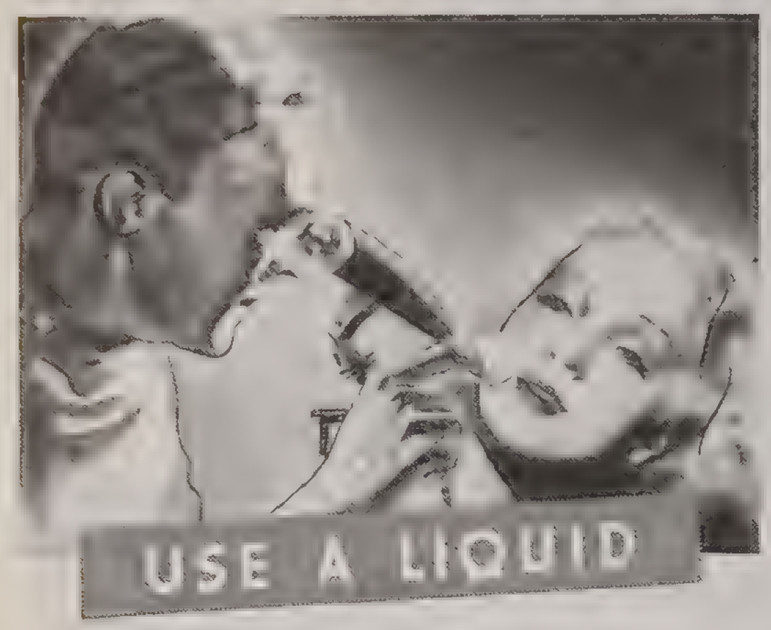
"I'm not bragging when I say I dress better than girls who spend twice as much. Lux saves washing failures, cuts upkeep, keeps things new longer.

"This wool knit has been Luxed often—it still fits like new! Ordinary soaps might have shrunk it. But Lux is safe for anything safe in water.

"This dress still looks lovely after a year's wear and Luxing. I'm counting on it for next year, too."

Helps millions to dress well on little money— LUX

CLEAN YOUR SKIN AS DOCTORS DO



● Take a tip from your physician. Did you ever see a doctor use anything *except* a liquid, to clean the skin? Then why not follow his lead! Use a liquid yourself—use DRESKIN, Campana's anti-alkali cleanser and freshener. Dreskin is your protection against blackheads and dry, "faded" skin—because this new-type cleanser NEUTRALIZES ALKALI, the skin-drying element that is present in practically all water and in solutions of soap and water. Dreskin does the kind of pore-deep cleansing that removes all trace of stale make-up and dried gland secretions—letting your skin *breathe naturally*, as it must do, to be healthy. Send today for FREE TRAVEL SIZE BOTTLE. Use the coupon.

Two sizes — 50c and $1.00

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by the makers of Campana's Italian Balm

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Send me 3 trial size Flame-Glo lipsticks; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost.

NAME
ADDRESS

10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

Stick to Your Script!

(*Continued from page 33*)

before you know it, everybody in show business would be saying the same thing—and *pfffht!*" Gene finished with an expressive gesture.

"You know," he resumed, "we flopped once in radio. That was because we thought we could do the same type stuff on the air that we'd always done on the stage. So when we were offered this chance to come back on the radio, believe me, I was scared to death. I wanted to take it—and yet I was afraid. Suppose we didn't make good. Of course, we'd learned our lesson and we knew we'd have to do something entirely different, but after all, 'knowing and doing are something else again."

Willie and Eugene are happily able to get laughs, even from their own personal trials and tribulations. Witness Willie's account of their first difficulty as air-wave comics.

"You could have bought me for a counterfeit nickel," he reminisced. "You see, all my life, I've memorized parts. It's second nature for me to pick up a script and memorize it. Naturally that's what I did when I was given my first *Folies de Paree* script. I took it home and memorized every word, letter, and punctuation mark in it. When I showed up for rehearsal, I felt pretty good. You know how a kid feels, who has studied his lessons so well he's sure he knows all the answers. Say, I was practically smirking! I knew I could put my mind on putting over the gags and situations—because I knew that script. So what happens?

"They hand me an entirely new script!

"But I think the worst thing is not being able to use my hands. You see, I have to wear glasses to read, so here I am with my nose buried in that script, and my fingers keeping the place so I won't lose it. Why, it's torture, that's what it is!"

If you have ever seen Willie Howard talk—and I mean *seen*—you will understand that it is torture, cruel and inhuman, to expect him to utter sounds unaided by his hands!

"It's no cinch to learn to talk slowly, either," Gene contributed earnestly. "That's what killed us on the air before—talking too fast. We always used rapid-fire cross talk comedy on the stage, but for the radio, that's out! Radio listeners don't want to have to strain their ears to catch a gag. Radio must be relaxing."

Willie shuddered as another dread thought flitted through his mind.

"Radio terrifies me," he said. "It's so final. Know what I mean? One strike and you're out. With a show, you rehearse for weeks and weeks. The cast sort of grows together. You change here and add there. Sometimes the show is practically rewritten. Then you try it out on the road. If you're not satisfied, you go to work again and change some more until you are. Maybe you play it for a month in the sticks until all the kinks are ironed out. Then you open. And maybe it's still a flop, with all that nursing.

"Look at radio. You rehearse once or twice, and then you get up there and shoot your stuff into that microphone—and even then you don't know until later whether you've flopped or not. And in a show, if you or someone else makes a slip, you can cover it up with some quick *ad libbing*. Not on the air. You stick to the script and pray!"

Incidentally, one of the greatest assets of Willie and Eugene in the days of their stage stardom was their gift for *ad libbing*—a gift as useless to them in radio as it was valuable before the footlights. Indeed, in the profession, it is an adage that Willie and Eugene are "funnier off than on." Murray Paul, Rudy Vallee's Man Friday, told me of the insignificant (at the time) incident that led indirectly to the Howards' present coast-to-coast radio stardom. Paul was standing in the wings of the *Scandals*, when suddenly a commotion, so violent he thought a riot was in progress, drew him backstage. There in a labyrinth of scenery he stumbled on a mass of chorus girls holding their scantily clad sides in helpless mirth. From somewhere in their midst came a voice giving an excruciatingly comic characterization of Professor Ginsberg in Paris.

Understand, Paul could not see the comedian. Willie Howard was performing without benefit of his famous "mugging" or his inimitable gestures. Paul, schooled in the Vallee tradition of radio showmanship, earnestly advised Willie and Eugene to work up a radio routine along the same lines. An advertising executive was sitting out front and he heard them the very same night. A short time later, they were signed for their current series.

Turn about is fair play. One night Willie, in an impromptu entertainment at an after-the-theater party, was doing an imitation of Major Bowes. Suddenly his quick showman's mind conceived the idea for a song based on the Major's: *"All right . . . all right . . . all right."* He passed the idea along to Rudy Vallee, who had it written immediately.

I watched Willie and Eugene rehearsing. Everything was progressing smoothly—too smoothly. Suddenly Willie, victim of thirty years' habit, interpolated an *ad libbed* line. Two startled script writers stared at one another in wild astonishment. Fifi D'Orsay loosed a shriek of uncontrolled laughter. An excited production man in the control-room waved his arms like a windmill. The whole show had been thrown out of time. The entire rehearsal had to begin anew! Willie was crestfallen. Gene was mournful.

"See," downcast Willie confided. "They want me to be funny. So to be funny—I got to be serious. What a world!"

COMING!
in the SEPTEMBER issue of
RADIO STARS
a beguiling new story about
JOE PENNER

Jessica Dragonette's Amazing Sacrifice

(*Continued from page 25*)

compassion, her gracious, friendly impulses, who has held the loyalty of the nation for two decades. And the late Will Rogers, with his homey, ungrammatical philosophy, and his down-to-the-earth naturalness. There is the beloved Madame Schumann-Heink, as generous with her love and devotion as she is with her song. Make a list of the great favorites of the American people, and you will find them all folks of deep sympathies and understanding, people who have risen from the ranks but who never have grown away from them.

Certainly there has been no lull in the growth of Jessica Dragonette's popularity! She has been an undisputed favorite now for years. But what will happen if they continue to place her farther and farther out of reach of the human touch? Can the warmth and beauty of her voice, the sincerity you feel behind each song she sings, bridge the gap?

There are, undoubtedly, many of her fans who want to worship her from afar. Who want to think of her more as an angel than as a woman. The man, for example, who spent an entire year in patient, loving labor, building her an organ of exquisite tone. The man who fashioned her likeness in a stained glass window, beautiful enough for any cathedral. The artist who made a tremendous tapestry, with Jessica, symbolizing *Inspiration of Life,* as the central figure.

Today the organ has an honored place in her music room, and not an evening passes that Jessica doesn't sound its celestial notes. The stained glass window is a prized possession and the tapestry covers an entire wall in her home. Every little gift sent her, every line of praise from her listeners is kept and cherished. Perhaps these expressions, from people she never has seen, supply the sunlight in a life that otherwise seems singularly devoid of human warmth.

To Jessica these expressions from her fans are the compensation for her sacrifice.

Says she:

"If by creating song, I can inspire others to create—that is my joy."

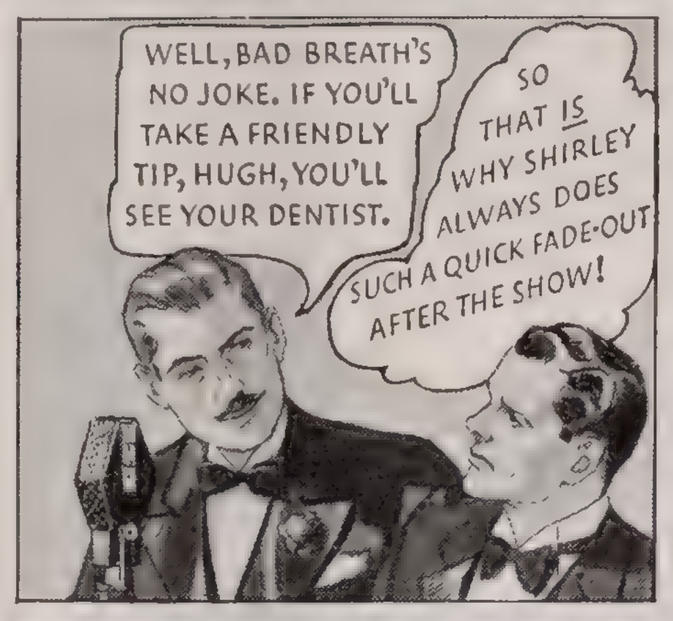
And yet, to most girls—to most artists—it would be a hollow joy. For there is always the need for laughter and dancing, friendliness and love. For the candor and honesty of true friendships, for the informal pleasantries from those you meet. For the loving touch of a hand, the sweet security of a man's love.

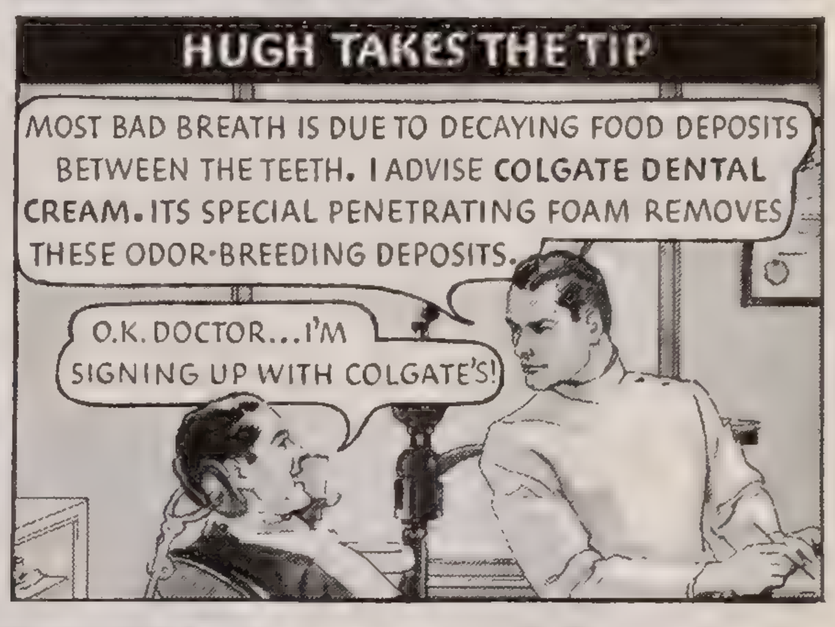
Should any woman be required to shut herself away from these?

"Queen of the Air," they call her, *"Angel of Song."* But queens are almost always lonely and an angel on a pedestal tastes neither the holy joys of heaven nor the sweet pleasures of the earth.

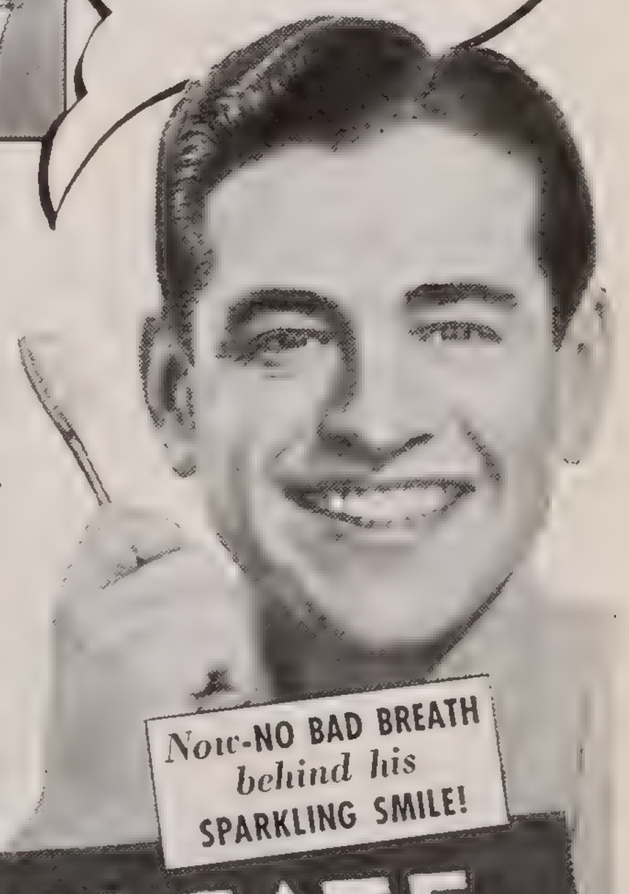
Is it worth the sacrifice?

IT WAS JUST A *Radio Romance*— UNTIL...





NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!



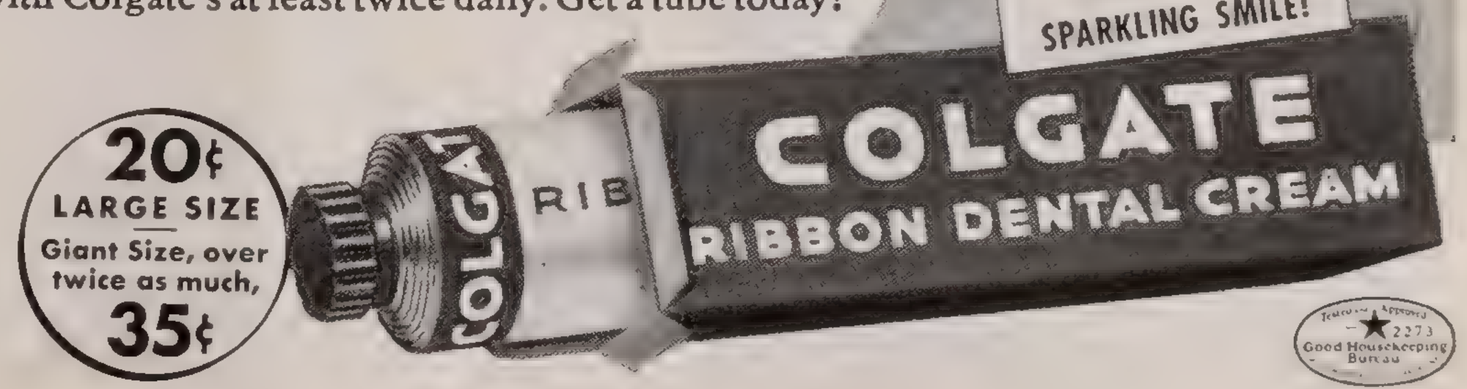
Now-NO BAD BREATH *behind his* SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube today!



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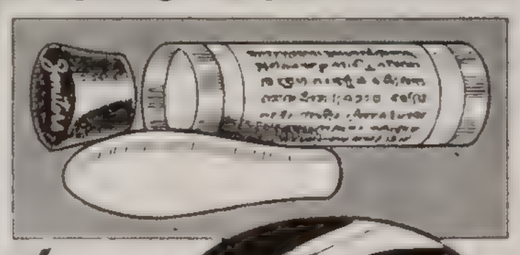
● More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new *greaseless* Zonitors for *modern* feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

Each in individual glass vial



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FEMININE HYGIENE
Snowy White • Greaseless

Zonitors. 341 oChrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. *Send, in plain envelope, free booklet,* A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

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Address.....

MILLIONS USE **"HUSH"** *for* **BODY ODORS**

Those who are fastidious and immaculate of their person welcome HUSH for its effective qualities to overcome excessive perspiration and unpleasant body odors. HUSH keeps the underarms fresh and free from every trace of odor. Use it daily.

4 Kinds

10c size at 10c stores

They Don't Come Any Nuttier!

(*Continued from page 39*)

jeering character in Stoop and Budd's show, who drives his car close to the curb, splashing mud on you; who does, in fact, all of the innumerable, exasperating things that annoy people. He is merely a voice, played by Colonel Stoopnagle. I mentioned this.

"Oh sure," said the Colonel. "But I always think of him as a real person."

"Speaking of Mr. Bopp," said Budd, "tell him about the letter we got from the railroad company."

"We had Bopp," the Colonel explained, "as the engineer who drives his engine around railroad yards late at night, bumping into standing Pullman cars."

"And a few days later," sighed Budd, "we got a letter from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, asking us if we could not have Mr. Bopp do something else. It seemed that the Pullman Company had spent millions of dollars in improvements to make the public comfortable and our Mr. Bopp was undermining all that."

Mr. Bopp, too, was the voice that used to open Stoopnagle and Budd's show, jeering: *"Ya-a-a-h, Stoopnagle and Budd haven't got a sponsor!"*

And that was typical of Stoop and Budd. Where most radio performers would be a bit embarrassed over the fact that their show is sustaining—unsponsored—Stoop and Budd kidded themselves about it, dinned it into listeners' ears and whooped it up into one of their funniest features.

Not that they haven't had plenty of sponsors—and, the Colonel notwithstanding—satisfied sponsors. The selling job Stoopnagle and Budd did on *Tastyeast* is radio history. On that show—their first network program—they started working for nothing, with the understanding that they would go on salary when a certain figure, indicating increased sales, was reached. The Colonel and Budd stopped at nothing—up to and including crying into the microphone—to get listeners to write in for samples. Inside of two weeks, much to the sponsor's amazement, they had exceeded their quota. And from that time on they were a radio fixture.

The Colonel—in private life F. Chase Taylor—writes all the material for the team and is the blushing violet of the two. He leaves by back doors to avoid crowds and blushes readily. Budd usually does the honors at banquets and social affairs.

"Not," says the Colonel, "that I dislike signing autographs. Like any performer, I dread the day when there won't be any crowd looking for my autograph. It's nice that they want it. But Budd does most of that sort of thing—he likes it." Budd, of course, being Wilbur Budd Hulick, the nearest thing to a "straight" man in the team.

The mild madness of Stoopnagle and Budd's comedy defies analysis. "We find," says the Colonel, "that people really like to be kidded, as long as it isn't malicious. We have been doing burlesques on well-known radio acts for some time and, in every case, the originators not only didn't mind, but helped us and seemed to enjoy it. Besides, most of our kidding is against ourselves. Like the night we appeared on the Fred Allen show, as amateurs. Fred said the winner would receive the Roxy theatre as a prize and we told him we didn't want the Roxy—we'd take the fifty dollars, because we were on sustaining."

The Colonel believes that the thing to do is to keep working, sponsored or otherwise. "It seems to work out," he says seriously, "that often when things look darkest someone comes along and wants you. Every commercial we've had has dropped in our laps that way. We keep going—and while we've never been right at the top, maybe we're lucky at that. Not that it wouldn't be nice to be there—but it's something to keep working!"

They have had their share of "sponsor trouble"—the ailment that particularly harasses comedians. "A sponsor hires you, for a lot of money," the Colonel says, "to be funny. Then the minute your name is on the dotted line he starts telling you how to do it. And no matter what you clown about, someone is sure to object. On the *Pontiac* show we told about our invention of roller skates without rollers, so people who were learning to skate wouldn't fall down. And for that we had a letter from *General Motors,* asking us not to use it, because it was an automobile program and roller skates were competition to automobiles!"

Believe it or not! But the Colonel isn't sore about it. "You can understand how they feel, too," he says. "They spend a lot of money on radio and it's only natural they should try to take a hand in building the show. Of course, we get letters of complaint. But we get some very funny ones, too. There was the time we broadcast—while we were working in Buffalo—that Welland, Ontario, wanted to borrow the new Peace Bridge that had just been erected between the United States and Canada. In the broadcast we agreed to let them have the bridge in Welland. A few days later we got a letter from the gatemen of the actual bridge, saying that there was a long line of cars piling up and would we please return the bridge to its proper place so they could cross!"

They used to work much more broadly than they do now. At first Stoopnagle and Budd's act was entirely impromptu. But they have gradually adjusted themselves to working from scripts, although an *ad lib* line will sneak into the broadcast now and then.

"There are lots of funny things all around us—the trick is to notice them. One trick we use is to give some really important thing no notice at all—like in the yacht store sequence we used. I've always had a private laugh at these big yachts on display in stores—nobody ever seems to buy one! So we worked up the sequence of the salesman in the yacht store, who hadn't sold a boat in four years," said the Colonel.

You remember that one, if you're a Stoop and Budd fan. The manager, coming in to look around, discovers that one yacht—the *Winnie May*—is missing

"The funny part, of course, was that a

yacht could be mislaid," the Colonel says. "In the eventual working out it turned out that the *Oh So Good Anchor Company* had had an anchor left over and they borrowed the *Winnie May* to use the anchor on and forgot to return it. The blowoff came when they discovered that in taking the yacht out they had forgotten to put back the rear wall of the building! 'It's a good thing we didn't notice that last winter,' the manager says, 'or we'd have frozen to death!' And another time we had a fellow come in to buy half a yacht and go through all the negotiations without any questions being raised as to why he wanted a *half* a yacht!"

Another Stoop and Budd standby is the involved sentence.

"Colonel," says Budd, "who was that lady I saw you with?"

And the Colonel answers: "That lady is the man whose penthouse we went to the other night for dinner's wife!"

But there's more than just a trick or two to their comedy. There is a knack for pat, terse simile; as: *"A thud is a boom that didn't have a chance."* And there is a sense of the absurd that amounts to genius. The Colonel, at the moment, was working on the script for their burlesque of Jack Armstrong, the *All-American Boy*. He called it Jack Headstrong and it's sponsored by a manufacturer of bubble-gum, that when you blow a bubble it has printing on it saying: *"Phoithboinders."* Phoithbinders, of course, is spelled: *P-H space T-H dash B paragraph E-R-S.*

There's their trick of leaving a sentence incomplete, as in the case of one of their burlesques. Budd asks the Colonel if he has had permission to burlesque a certain show.

"I have a letter from the president of the company," says the Colonel.

"That's fine, Colonel. Will you read it?"

And the Colonel reads:

"Dear Stoopnagle and Budd . . . signed, the President."

The Colonel's inventions, too, are famous. Such as the wig with hair standing on end, for bald men reading mystery stories. And his definitions: *"A straw is something you drink sodas through two of them."*

They have inaugurated such national institutions as *Be Kind To The Colors In The Rainbow Week,* which followed their successful *Be Kind To Turtles Week.*

The Colonel is taller than he seems on stage, next to the very tall Budd. He doesn't play practical jokes and takes his radio comedy seriously.

When a master of ceremonies or speaker is wanted Budd usually obliges. They'd like to do musical comedy or picture work but feel that they need more stage experience.

"One night," says the Colonel, "as I left the theatre after a broadcast, a well-dressed, elderly gentleman stepped up to me, shook hands and told me he was a college professor. He said at his college, after working all day at science or mathematics, he, along with many other professors, enjoyed sitting around the radio listening to *Stoopnagle and Budd.* I was interested in why they enjoyed our show.

"'Because,' he said, 'we have to use our brains all day. And when we listen to you fellows we don't have to think!'"

And Stoopnagle and Budd regard that as one of their nicest compliments.

THIS SUMMER

a dollar takes you MORE MILES than ever before!

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

Cleveland, Ohio . . E. 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa. . . Broad St. Station
Chicago, Illinois . . . 12th & Wabash
San Francisco, Cal., Pine & Battery Sts.
Ft. Worth, Texas, 8th & Commerce Sts.
Charleston, W. Va. . . . . 1100 Kanawha Valley Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn. . 509 6th Ave., N.
New York City . . . . Nelson Tower
Boston, Mass. . . . . 222 Boylston St.
Washington, D. C. . . . . 1403 New York Ave., N. W.
Detroit, Michigan . . . . Tuller Hotel
St. Louis, Mo., Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
Memphis, Tenn. . 146 Union Avenue
New Orleans, La., 400 N. Rampart St.
Cincinnati, Ohio . . 630 Walnut St.
Lexington, Ky. . . . 801 N. Limestone
Richmond, Va. . . 412 East Broad St.
Windsor, Ont. . . 1004 Security Bldg.
London, England . . . . . A. B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall St.

The GREYHOUND LINES

Greyhound sets a new LOW in fares —a new HIGH in comfort and service

FOR summer trips, Greyhound offers a dozen fine features that no other form of transportation can match. But overshadowing all else today, are the amazingly low rates in effect to every part of America —the most sweeping reductions in travel history.

Big, smooth-riding coaches are kept spic-and-span, mechanically perfect, safe and dependable. Individual chairs are truly restful—reclining to any desired position. Greyhound serves almost every major city and vacation area in the United States—many in Canada. More optional routes to choose from—six months return privilege and further savings on round trips.

{Watch for announcement of beautiful new super-coaches, pictured above—soon to be in service throughout America.}

MAIL THIS FOR NEW LOW FARES, TRIP INFORMATION

Send this coupon to nearest Greyhound information office, listed at left for rates, suggested routes, and pictorial folder on any trip you may plan.

*Information on trip to*_____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ MM-8

TOILET odors are a danger sign. They warn you of breeding germs that threaten health. Summer is the time for added care in the bathroom. Keep toilets clean and safe with Sani-Flush.

Here's an odorless powder, that's made especially to clean toilets. Just dash a bit in the bowl (following directions on the can), flush, and the job is done. No scrubbing. No scouring. No work at all. Yet the porcelain glistens like new. Spots and stains vanish. Odors and germs are killed. The hidden trap that no other method can clean is safe and sanitary. Sani-Flush cannot harm plumbing. *It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can).* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores —25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Resinol Quiets the maddening itch, soothes irritated skin. Aids healing
Effective in stubborn cases, yet mild enough for tenderest skin **Itching**
for
Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 6K, Balto. Md.

New approved formula
REMOVES
FRECKLES
WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently *while you sleep*. Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is *guaranteed* by a famous laboratory with 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 154, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

Quick, Watson, the Microphone!

(*Continued from page 47*)

I was thirteen and experiencing my first ocean voyage. I got violently sick. Mother didn't rush to the ship's doctor. Instead she went to the library, grabbed a Holmes book and dropped it in my lap.

"'Read that, Eadie,' she said firmly, 'you'll forget all about being sick.'

"I read the book through twice and forgot all about being sick! I didn't eat dinner, though. I was still day-dreaming about Baker Street, Moriarity and dear Doctor Watson."

Four years ago Edith suggested the idea to her radio producer-husband, Tom McKnight.

"It's too old-fashioned, gal," he said dubiously, "Everyone has forgotten the old boy."

This started the couple off on one of their friendly scraps. They fought backstage when they were in vaudeville together. They battled over ideas for radio. Most of the time the dark-haired girl won. This time it looked as if Tom would come out on top. Prospective sponsors scoffed at the idea. They wanted a streamlined sleuth, who spoke out of the side of his mouth, scared women and children.

However, the new school of dicks the Philo Vances, Nero Wolfes, and Nick Charles (*The Thin Man*)—were not adaptable for radio—simply because they were so tough.

Despite discouragement, Edith delved anew into Sherlock's habits. She has read every book ever written by Doyle. Then she discovered Holmes liked coffee—drank at least seven cups a day—and, believe it or not, that is how Sherlock got his first taste of the ether waves! Edith, bright Vassar graduate that she is, put this bit of information under the noses of the *G. Washington Coffee* people, and did some very fast talking. Twenty-four hours later they became Holmes' first sponsor. *Household Finance Corporation* is his present one.

Edith Meiser extracted a script from her portfolio, removed her wide-brimed straw hat and started to warm up to her subject:

"Sherlock is perfect air material. There are not too many clues. Holmes, you know, was the first deduction artist. He was the first to use the famous cigar-ash and fingerprint clues. Doyle, a scientist at heart, believed in mental, rather than physical action. Therefore Sherlock has excellent radio pace. It's uncanny how smoothly it works out for radio adaptation. Conan Doyle had great vision."

When Edith first adapted these stories, criticisms came in bundles. Blue-nosed listeners resented a character who once took cocaine. Holmes devotees, on the other hand, demanded that radio include all the detective's eccentricities.

Conan Doyle originally wrote these stories for his own amusement. He gave his brainchild a few bad traits. *"Quick, Watson, the needle!"* became an internationally famous expression. Then Sherlock Holmes began to sell in the millions—and when colonists on the very rim of the British Empire waited impatiently for the next installments—which came *via* mailboats—Doyle knew it was an unwise move to make a world-hero a dope addict. Holmes stopped taking the "stuff" after the first two books. Edith Meiser left it out entirely.

Other critics objected to the pronunciation of English words. The word "clerk" is pronounced "clark" over there. Yet if "clark" had been used on the air, the authoress explained, too many listeners would have missed the point of the episode.

Retired British Army officers berated her conception of Dr. Watson.

"My dear girl," one old gaffer commented, "you've made the old boy a bit of a sissy. After all he was a soldier in Her Majesty's forces."

Dr. Watson was supposed to be a fearless ex-British Army Doctor, who saw service in the Afghan campaign. But Edith Meiser uses the faithful friend to set the scene and create suspense. In the books Doyle did this easily enough with graphic word pictures, which could not be transferred to the air.

"Therefore it was necessary," continued the writer, "for me to have Watson always a bit nervous. Otherwise listeners never would know the risks Sherlock was taking."

Edith writes her scripts in bed. She spends two days a week amid pillows and blankets, pencil and paper in hand, dog-eared reference books nearby. Most of the stories run almost the exact time of a thirty-minute broadcast and are complete. Conan Doyle even left room for the commercials!

"Sherlock Holmes is like old wine, tell them that," spoke up Richard Gordon suddenly, "each time you play it you find something different."

The soft, nasal voice of Richard Gordon captured the conversation. This was Sherlock Holmes! Only checkered cap and magnifying glass were missing.

This gray-haired actor has played each episode at least four times—yet he never knows how any of them will end! "There's nothing obvious about Holmes," continued Gordon, "you get a new meaning every time."

That night Gordon was acting in *The Reigate Puzzle*. One particular line Gordon had been reading wrong, right up to dress rehearsal time putting the wrong inflection on one word.

Here is the slice of dialogue that Richard Gordon discovered he was saying incorrectly a half hour before the broadcast:

HOLMES: *Curious that a burglar with previous experience should deliberately break into a house at a time when he could plainly see that two of the family were at home.*

ALEC: *He must have been a cool hand.*

HOLMES: *Yes, a* curious *fellow.*

It was necessary for Holmes to say *"curious"* with a sly intonation, Gordon pointed out, for the detective knew all the time that Alec was the murderer.

"And I stupidly thought all the while that Holmes was simply groping for a clue and did not know at the time that Alec was the wretch," confessed the actor.

Acting Holmes on the air differs from playing the man on the stage. "You must put it all in the voice." Holmes, genius and master-mind, cannot make mistakes. One night Gordon said *footprints,* instead of *fingerprints* on the door-nob. Next day, 3,000 wide-awake listeners stuffed Gordon's mailbox with joshing letters.

"Now on the stage, my hand would have pointed to the knob and the audience never would have realized my error. The gesture would have covered me. On the air gestures are useless."

Gordon stifles gestures when broadcasting by putting one hand in his pocket and using the other to hold the script. This makes all the emotion vocal.

"Radio," concluded this actor with twenty-five years' experience, "is the greatest medium for old Sherlock, for only one sense is used: the ear. The voice builds the action. The listener sets his own scene."

When people call Gordon a copycat of William Gillette, Gordon's placid face turns deep red.

"I'm not like Gillette," he says angrily. "Whereas Holmes became William Gillette, *I became Sherlock Holmes.*"

Conan Doyle got the idea for Sherlock Holmes from a Dr. Joseph Bell of Edinburgh—a man with a knack for knowing what people would say before they uttered a word.

Though the first story, *A Study in Scarlet,* brought its author only twenty-five pounds, it met with amazing success.

A decade later Doyle tired of Holmes and killed him and his enemy, Moriarity, in 1891, by tossing them both down the jagged rocks of Reichenbach Falls. No act could have caused greater wrath. It was as if they took fish and chips away from the cockneys; the changing of the guard from Buckingham Palace. One woman called Doyle a brute. The "Irregular Baker Street" cult, a club of Holmes fans, disbanded in a huff.

In 1902 Queen Victoria knighted Conan Doyle. Technically he received the honor for service in the Boer War. Actually it was for bringing Sherlock back to Baker Street again.

Edith Meiser would like to think the same thing would happen if Sherlock were dropped from the airwaves. If the series continues indefinitely, Edith will go to London and persuade *Cox & Co., Ltd.,* to let her explore the Doyle vaults—unopened since his death. Dame Rumor has it that there is material for a hundred more episodes—each perfect for radio. Gordon will go with her.

"I want to walk on Baker Street," he says dreamily.

There are some romantic fools who believe that Sherlock Holmes and the inevitable Watson still live. I can see them—two elderly, bent gentlemen, snuggled close to the fireside, far from sinister Limehouse and foggy, fateful nights. I know they must own a wireless set.

Even this night, as Richard Gordon acts a scene over the air, Sherlock must be tuning in his ether prototype, pipe in hand, Watson at his side, whispering:

"Amazing; my dear Watson, amazing!"

9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!

THE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor *if you deodorize only.* You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm *dry,* as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though *you* are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

Protect yourself this SURE way

Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments required to use Liquid Odorono, because it is *sure.* With Odorono, your underarm is not only odorless, but absolutely dry. Your dresses will never collect those little drops of moisture which can undo all the other measures you take for flawless loveliness.

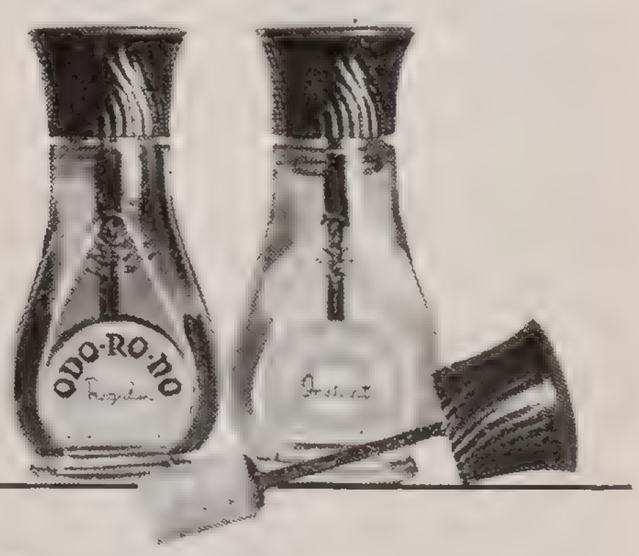
Doctors say Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the usual underarm perspiration is merely diverted, and comes out on less confined areas of the body, where it can evaporate freely.

Saves your expensive gowns

Odorono ends forever those shocking perspiration stains which can fade and ruin a lovely frock or coat lining, in just one wearing. And of course, there is no grease to make your clothes messy.

You can get Odorono in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

Let Odorono keep your underarm dry, your clothes as sweet and fresh as *you* are—and you will be truly exquisite. Send today for samples of two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8 E 6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Her Ladyship—"Bea" Lillie

(*Continued from page 37*)

her art—the crisp, provocative pantomime, an upward flash of her eyes, a twist of her mouth, an unexpected stumble of her feet. . . . All that remains to work with is her voice, but she herself does not fully realize its rich potentialities. For she has a rare gift of conveying some subtle double meaning, some racy bit of humor by the very tone of her voice.

But in the early days of her career, she took herself very seriously. On a fateful Friday the 13th, she opened in her first show and did her bit to the frightening accompaniment of a Zeppelin raid. If by any chance she sang off key that night, it was not due to any instinct for being funny! Songs were sentimental in those days, and sad, and she sang them with all the ardor of a young girl whose emotions were deeply stirred by the patriotic fervor and excitement of a world at war.

But raids soon were a commonplace and that impulse to burlesque, to express a wayward humor, would not let her be.

"I usually was dressed as a boy in those days," she explained. "Men were scarce, you know. So one night I put on a lovely thick moustache, in an effort to be funny. But Charlot was furious—he fined me five shillings."

Bea Lillie fined five shillings for trying to be funny! But if Charlot was angry, he was not lacking in perception as he seemed. For Bea Lillie remained with his *Revue* and when he brought his show to America in 1924, she was one of its bright and shining lights and New York went mad over her.

She has been on the stage almost continuously since her first appearance with Charlot. Briefly her romantic marriage with Sir Robert Peel intervened. But eight months after the birth of her son, she returned to the theatre.

"I thought I'd give it up," she admitted, "but I don't think you can. . . ."

She said that again, when we were talking about the relative attractions of theatre, radio and pictures. . . .

"I made a silent picture with Jack Pickford and later a short and a full-length talkie, but I was not at all satisfied with them. The innumerable retakes are trying beyond words! I'd get so tired and then I'd get mad! And all the spontaneity was lost before they were ready to 'shoot'. . . . But of course I love Hollywood—I've played there a lot. Perhaps we'll go there this summer—I hope so."

And perhaps, if she goes, she may consent to make another picture—she ought to, for as a pantomime artist, she is superb—but she won't, if it would interfere with her work in the theatre.

Radio appearances likewise have to be fitted into the theatrical schedule. Not that she does not enjoy broadcasting, but the color and the life of the theatre are in her blood.

"It is my first love—I don't think anyone who has had a taste of it could give it up," she repeated.

Her introduction to radio, like that of so many other famous people, was on Rudy Vallee's program. Her own first program was on the Borden hour when, for twenty-six weeks, as *Beatrice Borden,* she bewitched the radio audience with a type of humor that was new and different. Then followed her weekly appearance on the Columbia program, the *Flying Red Horse Tavern,* with Walter Woolf King and Lennie Hayton's orchestra, under the sponsorship of the *Socony Vacuum Oil Company.*

The ordinary difficulties of working this in with her starring part in *At Home Abroad* were greatly increased when the show went on the road. Then, instead of appearing with her co-actors before a studio audience, she had to perform by herself, her part being piped in from wherever she was playing.

"It was rather fun when I could hear the program. I felt just like an ostrich! No one could see me, but I could talk to Walter and hear his response. But in Chicago, I had to go on at a signal—no audience, no Walter—just a matter of rehearsing the script, reading it, timing it!"

She and a girl in New York prepare the scripts, working over them together.

"I don't write them." She disclaimed any talent along that line. "I think of ideas for the sketch, humorous situations, we talk them over and she writes them."

"And *Aunty Bea's Bedtime Stories?*"

"Oh, that was a mistake! We never should have begun them! But they won't let us stop!"

Absurd, ridiculous, invariably amusing, are *Aunty Bea's* bedtime tales, but the little skits offer a greater variety, a wider range for Bea Lillie's gifts, her inimitable antics. She never uses gags. But it doesn't matter so much what she does, it is her way of doing it that is so deliriously funny. It is sheer genius and there is no one on stage or screen or radio to challenge her title of queen of comedy.

But speaking of titles reminds us, of course, of her other title—Lady Peel. Even the most democratic American must feel respect for a title that has stood for so much in English history as has that of Sir Robert Peel. (It was the first Sir Robert who organized London's police force, long years ago, and thus originated the nickname 'bobbies', too.) Today the title is proudly borne by a tall, handsome lad of fourteen, for Lady Peel's husband died two years ago.

I mentioned Robert and Lady Peel gave a quick dash to a trunk in the next room. "There's a book of press clippings—Sadie keeps it for me—I want to show you—"

Sadie, who has been her secretary for fourteen years, lifted out the book, laid it flat on the trunk. With quick, nervous fingers, the slim, dark-haired girl—neither actress now nor titled lady—turned the pages.

"This is Robert—see how tall he is!"

It was a picture of a handsome, high-hatted lad, walking proudly beside his mother. He is a student at Harrow now, ambitious to study law, but though the ocean is between them so much of the time, she manages to see him at every vacation. If she is playing here, he comes

to her. And every year or so, she returns to play in England. Someone has referred to her as a transatlantic commuter. Besides, there always are the wireless and the phone to bridge the distance.

She is equally at home in London or New York and loves them both. Most of all, she loves being busy, being fully occupied in her work. A week's holiday during Holy Week was a week too much!

"By nine o'clock, I was yawning—it was dreadful!"

In *At Home Abroad*, she is on the stage almost continuously, darting off to change her costume and reappearing for a new characterization almost immediately. While in New York, she added to that heavy schedule and her weekly radio program, a night club appearance. For some time she sang at the *Rainbow Room* there. Later at the *New Montmartre*.

"It's grand fun," she said zestfully of her midnight act. "I love it, and the more I have to do, the better it is!"

She even loves being on the road. "Especially," she added, "when I am with congenial people—this tour has been such fun. They are grand people, all of them."

And it was fun especially when the tour took them to her own home town, Toronto, Canada. There she had a royal welcome—but she has that everywhere, for she has many friends wherever she goes and is entertained eagerly. Sometimes, perhaps, because of her title or her fame, but more often because she is herself such delightful company.

But she has more than wit—she has dignity and charm and graciousness and very distinctive good looks. Her sleek black hair is cut close, brushed in mannish style back of her small ears. She has candid gray eyes beneath arched dark brows and a wide, sensitive mouth. She is small and slender and essentially feminine in spite of the boyish figure. But underlying all this, cropping out unexpectedly, is the mischievous sense of humor, never malicious but gay, sparkling, racy, delicately satirical and occasionally censorable, from radio's restricted point of view! She delights in a Frenchy joust at hypocritical sedateness and her audiences thoroughly enjoy the piquancy of her delicious naughtiness.

When she can, she takes a regular busman's holiday: "There is nothing I like better than to see a good show," she admitted. "I go every chance I get!"

And she also is a radio fan and, like the rest of us, has her favorites. Among them she particularly enjoys George Burns and Gracie Allen, Jack Benny and Fred Allen. "They are always funny," she commented. "It doesn't matter what Gracie says—it's the way she says it. And George is so clever, too—a grand team!"

You'd think that, with her crowded schedule, she would long for a chance to rest, but nothing seems further from her mind. In fact, if she has any extra time, she likes nothing better than a long walk. for sheer enjoyment of the fresh air and the out of doors and a glimpse of lake or river or park, as opportunity offers. I have never seen anyone with so much zest for living, such depth of enjoyment in the little every day affairs, such complete happiness in her work, her surroundings, her friends.

She hummed softly as she powdered her nose, patted her hair in place, waiting for the call-boy. "Of course I'd like to have a home, with Robert," she confessed. "But he is in school so much of the time and, anyway, I have him during vacations. My mother and sister are in London—I see them when I can. There's no point in my staying there—and I need to be doing things!"

Charlot's Revue was produced in America in 1924 and 1926. In the intervening year, it was produced in England. Since then, Miss Lillie has appeared in *She's My Baby, Oh, Please,* Noel Coward's *This Year of Grace, Walk a Little Faster,* and others. Coward wrote several songs for her and is one of her intimate friends.

In between her comedy performances, she has played straight parts, such as her rôle in George Bernard Shaw's *Too True to be Good,* and sung straight songs, but her public insists on her being comic. Her gift for apt and hilarious mimicry, for being spontaneously, richly funny and subtly satirical, is too rare to be dispensed with. Neither the theatre nor the radio can do without her own completely individual brand of humor!

Her friends are the élite of the social world and of the literary as well as theatrical coteries. But she is disarmingly democratic, easy to meet and talk with. The toast of two continents, titled lady and successful comedienne, she remains "Bea" Lillie, whose chief aim in life is to amuse you and me!

● ***Men won't*** come near a girl who offends with underarm odors. They hate, too, a deodorant which covers one unpleasant odor with another.

Why risk either?

Women are discovering a wonderful new deodorant which gives positive protection against under-arm odors—FRESH! A delightfully fragrant cream like no other you've ever known.

FRESH is antiseptic—safe after underarm shaving or a depilatory—a safeguard against infection in tiny nicks and cuts.

FRESH can't possibly harm clothes. For FRESH dries instantly. Is not greasy. Has no harsh ingredients. Just apply FRESH and go right on with your dressing. Pores stay open, healthy, sweet with FRESH. No medicinal odor. FRESH just gives you *freshness.*

Tested and Approved — Good Housekeeping Bureau

FRESH
A DIFFERENT DEODORANT
10¢
FOR TRAVEL PACKAGE

ECONOMY SIZE, 50c. If your toiletries counter hasn't FRESH, send 10c with your name and address to Pharma-Craft Corp., Louisville, Ky., for Travel Package of FRESH, postpaid.

WIND and WAVES

WITH Superset to rule your waves you need not fear the wind. For Superset is the ideal waving lotion. It dries quickly, leaves absolutely no flaky deposit and produces lasting, natural, lustrous waves. Superset sets hair as it should be set—and keeps it that way. With Superset, your hair is always under control—sleek, burnished, well-groomed. Now in two formulas — Regular and No. 2 (Faster Drying).

10c at all 5 and 10 cent stores in the new comb-dip bottle.

•

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Has Graham Any Home Life?

(*Continued from page 21*)

some day, and do all the things you can't do now?"

"Retire?" It was obvious that the word touched no secret spring in his heart. "Oh—well—if I had plenty of money, perhaps. . . No," he amended, "I wouldn't want to retire! I've been active so long, I wouldn't want to slow down, give up."

And it didn't need the conviction in his tone to tell you this was true. His whole career attests this verity. Graham McNamee is action, enthusiasm, energy personified. Perhaps that is one reason for his success. He *is* success, as he is all these other qualities. They're not a mask assumed, not an armor for the battle, not a rôle to be played for what it is worth. They are the man himself. Which is why his voice, coming over the air into our homes, brings us that special sense of dynamic personality.

Who can describe a sports event as excitingly as he does? Or so thrillingly report the drama of a political convention, a presidential inauguration? Or broadcast so precisely that quality of emotional hysteria which is our own reaction to the personality that for the moment has captured our imagination? Or so cleverly play the stooge to our favorite comedian? Who else could make the commercials on the Rudy Vallee program seem so pleasant to hear? Or contribute to the Major Bowes' program that polished tone of the veteran which so suavely complements the amateurs? Whatever the occasion, Graham identifies himself with it. He is as much an integral part of it as are the hero, the president, prize-fighter or comic.

But originally he started out to fashion quite a different career for himself, In 1922 he made his début as a baritone soloist at Aeolian Hall. And although that same year saw the beginning of his connection with NBC, where he has been ever since, he has given countless concerts throughout the country. But they are now a part of his pleasant past. I asked him if he regretted giving up singing.

His answer came with characteristic conviction: "No! A singer's career is a tragedy. First you are going up. You get a hundred dollars—five hundred—a thousand—on up to the top. . . Then you begin going down. Seven hundred and fifty—two hundred and fifty. . . Then, when you're my age, you're glad to get twenty-five—just what you got when you were nineteen!

"I never sing any more—not even for myself," he went on. "I've given hundreds of concerts, besides singing on the air. Hundreds! Once, in forty-nine days, I gave forty-four concerts. On the forty-ninth day I felt fine. On the fiftieth I collapsed! I was down flat with the flu!

"I once gave a concert in a small city near New York," he recalled with his infectious grin. "It was on the day of the false armistice. Everybody was—you know how they were—out in the street, shouting! The hall where the concert was to be given had no piano. They had ordered one to be delivered that day—but there was no one to deliver it. Finally we rounded up a couple of huskies to load it on a truck. I helped them. Helped them move it into the hall and set it up. Then I rolled down my sleeves and sang!

"I've been in radio fourteen years," he said reflectively.

"You've practically grown up with it," I agreed.

"Grown *old* with it," he amended.

"But radio," I contributed, "is 'still in its infancy.'"

"But *I* am not!" said Graham.

He can say that—but no one else, looking at him, listening to him on the air, would think of it. He was born July tenth, 1899, but age is as far away from Graham McNamee as white locks and a long gray beard! His hair is crisply black and apparently as thick as it ever was His eyes shine with the enthusiasm that is youth's most enviable characteristic. His color is high and those first calling cards of Time—wrinkles and lines—have not yet been set upon the smooth contour of his face. You can't, really, imagine him looking any older ten or twenty years from now.

And the reason for that—whatever he has to do, whatever demands it makes upon him, he takes it all in his stride and loves it. You can't wear out doing what you love to do!

I asked him which of his various assignments he enjoyed the most.

"You ought to know the answer to that!" he rebuked me with a grin.

"It's fairly obvious that you enjoy them all," I persisted.

"Well?" said Graham.

Well—the answer to the question, if he had been willing to give it, undoubtedly would be the Ed Wynn program.

It's not just a feather in Graham's cap that this program moved from *CBS* to *NBC* just to have him. It's an accolade, an order of merit fairly earned. It attests his enviable reputation, his unrivalled desirability. It's naturally a gratifying situation for any man and, furthermore, the genuine pleasure he has in being again a part of Ed Wynn's program makes it doubly satisfying.

"It's fine, being back," he said. "Lots of times," he went on crisply, "people work well together on the stage and dislike each other intensely, apart from their work. But I like Ed! I like him personally, socially—every way. And we had worked together for so long. . .

"I will confess," he shook his head, "that first Tuesday night we were back together was the hardest job I ever did in my life! The feeling of tension . . . The show had been a success on *NBC*. It had slumped on *CBS*. Now it was back on *NBC* again—would it come up again? Were we putting it over?" He shook his head again. "I was never so tense!

"Of course, it went over big, that first show. But then, we wondered, could we do it again? Would it fall off again the next Tuesday?

"But the next week—" he smiled, remembering, "we went over even better. More laughs. More enthusiastic response. After that we breathed a little easier. I

don't speak for *NBC,*" he added, "but I think they're glad to have us back together again. I know we're glad.

"We do a lot of *ad libbing* on this program," said Graham. "It's not all cut and dried—written down in the script—as some people think. That *gasoloon* thing, for instance. . . It just happened—and it's still good for a laugh! I never know," he went on, "when Ed is going to say something unexpected to me. . . Then I say something back—and he comes back again. . . Sometimes we get so far away from the script, we have to cut out a lot of it to finish on time. It's stimulating," he said. "Keeps you on your toes. Makes it livelier.

"I don't cross Ed as often as he crosses me," he continued. "But sometimes I come out with something unexpected—and he always comes right back at me."

He looked at his watch. "I'm late for rehearsal!" he said, bounding to his feet.

"But Mrs. McNamee—" I said, metaphorically clutching at his coat-tails as we flew to the door. "What happens when she wants a bit of her husband's company?"

For Graham is married—and not merely to the microphone, as we might suspect, but to a charming Southern girl whom he loved at sight and with whom he eloped one January afternoon in 1934. Ann Lee Sims, she was, and a conventionally reared, unsophisticated young girl. The sort of girl, you would think, whose romantic dreams would center about a vine-clad cottage and her man coming home at night to sit beside her under the Southern moon.

But "her man" is Graham McNamee, *NBC's* busiest announcer—the whole wide world's man, really! (He gets an enormous amount of fan mail.) And the vine-clad cottage is a penthouse apartment atop one of New York's tall towers. And the Southern moon sheds its sweet light far away. . .

"Does she get to see you sometimes?" I asked. "Or does she just listen to you on the radio?"

He laughed. "She keeps busy. . . She dances and dines and rides horseback. She doesn't lack for friends or interests. Besides, I usually get home within half an hour after the broadcast. She plays golf, too," he added.

From which we gather that Mrs. Graham, while she may be a microphone widow, at least is not a golf widow. She does share a part of his fantastically busy life.

That part he doesn't talk about. . . But something in the suddenly soft light in those Irish eyes seems to say that beyond the fever and excitement of his broadcasting commitments there is a haven of supreme satisfaction and fulfillment, known only to Graham and Ann Lee McNamee.

And there, beyond doubt, is the true source of his tremendous zest for life, the source of his boundless energy, his enthusiasm, his inspired eagerness, that hold him in his high place in his profession and in our hearts.

Yes, however brief and broken into it must seem to the casual eye, Graham McNamee has a private life, a home life—as any normal human being must have. And his continuing success in his chosen career is the finest tribute to the security and sweetness of his home life.

Marion Vallé

*Quills are smart—write it down! Marion Vallé, who delights all America with her brilliant hat creations, pierces this adorable coral pink felt crown with a striking jade green quill. Says Miss Vallé: "It is smart for both summer and fall, for dress, suit, and coat styles, and it has an off-the-face brim which does not cast a shadow over the eyes—this is very important, for it allows the all-important eyes full power to display their magnetic charm."

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Don't take our word for it—prove it for yourself. Go to your favorite toilet goods counter today and purchase Maybelline Mascara in the solid form or the New cream form. See how easily you can apply it. Instantly your lashes look twice as long. Notice how smoothly and evenly it darkens your lashes—how daringly beautiful it makes them! Best of all, they will appear *naturally* dark and *luxuriant.*

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Ten million modern, fastidious women have proved Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be the finest that money can buy. The Solid form Maybelline Mascara is obtainable at drug and department stores, in a beautiful red and gold metal vanity—only 75c complete with specially designed brush. Refills 35c.

Generous 10c introductory sizes of Maybelline Solid and Cream form Mascaras, (including brush), Eyebrow Pencil, Eye Shadow, Eyelash Tonic Cream, and special Eyebrow Brush may be had at all leading 10c stores. Try them TODAY! You will be more than delighted—you will want to tell all your friends about this breath-taking easy way to lovely charm!

Maybelline

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NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

Told by topnotchers of the air in reply to oft-repeated questions from their fans

George, Gracie and Sandra Burns pose for their first family group in their new Hollywood home. Sandra, an adopted daughter, now has company in the form of Ronald John Burns who was added to the family only last summer.

Does your fan mail guide you in any way?

Igor Gorin: "Yes, it is an invaluable guide in indicating the public's taste."

Conrad Thibault: *"Not particularly. I do like to know what most people think of my work and the songs that please them, but do not feel any effect of guidance from them."*

Olga Albani: **"Very much. When many letters agree on certain things about my voice, it is very encouraging because I realize that what I am working for is bearing fruit and I know that I am right in keeping on."**

Andre Kostelanetz: "My fan mail is always interesting to me. Suggestions and criticisms from people who are genuinely musical are sometimes helpful both in building the program and presenting it."

Betty Lou Gerson: *"It may guide my characterizations somewhat, but as I am not responsible for the selection of the plays in which I act, it cannot be a ruling factor in those."*

Parks Johnson: **"Our Vox Pop fan mail is extremely important to us. From it we determine what proportion of light or serious questions to employ, and what 'style' of interviewing is preferred by listeners. In general, it is the blue print from which a Vox Pop program is constructed. Vox Pop is not only the 'Voice of the People' down there on the street, but as truly the voices of those ears which listen."**

Jerry Belcher: "Most assuredly. It furnishes an excellent index."

Bernice Claire: *"I do try to answer request numbers."*

Deems Taylor: **"When the fans like my program, I reflect upon the extraordinarily keen judgment of the average listener. When they don't, I realize that a letter is, after all, only one person's opinion."**

David Ross: "Letters are like mirrors. Through them we see the shape of our work."

Benay Venuta: *"Fan mail on the whole makes you feel that someone listens in, and is a guide for the popularity of songs."*

Nino Martini: **"In the aggregate, I certainly feel that fan mail, like the reviews of critics, is worthy of the careful consideration of any artist. Too much attention, however, cannot be paid to any one particular letter or critique, whether eulogistic or depreciatory, because of the divergence of opinions regarding any one performance."**

Bing Crosby: "I like to consider all reasonable suggestions."

Art Van Harvey: *"Yes. I not only get keen enjoyment in reading my fan mail, but in a number of instances it has suggested ideas for future broadcasts. After all, fan mail to a radio artist is his applause, and I think it should be read thoroughly."*

Loretta Lee: **"I should say it does. It is a grand feeling to answer requests, for you know before you begin that you will be pleasing somebody and this gives you a mental impetus which cannot but enhance the quality of your performance. Constructive criticism, too, comes in the mail, and this never did any artist any harm."**

Rosario Bourdon: "It certainly does. How else would we know what the public wants?"

Captain Tim Healy: *"Yes, I get a great inspiration from the fan mail. The kindly suggestions and criticisms help me no end. After all, the fan mail written directly to a feature is the opinion of those listening and your job is to please and entertain them."*

Curtis Arnall: **"Fan mail is a form of flattery which can harm no one."**

Ed McConnell: "I read all the fan mail my time will permit. I do not see how any artist could gauge the likes and dislikes of his listeners in any other way. Incidentally, my fan mail is most intimate in nature, and my listeners do not hesitate

to praise or condemn me. I have picked up many valuable suggestions in these letters of commendation."

Virginia Verrill: *"Yes, especially my Fan Club mail, because I know that those letters are from people who really have my interest at heart."*

Jose Manzanares: **"Of course it does. There are many people who know plenty about my work in this country. The fan mail deserves great consideration."**

Bob Crosby: "Yes, from my fan mail I am able to ascertain the type of music the listeners enjoy most, what kind of songs they do or do not want me to sing, and with the frequently excellent criticisms I am able to improve my band and my radio programs."

Bob Burns: *"Yes, it has been very encouraging, so far—thank Heavens."*

Lennie Hayton: **"My fan mail guides me in the selection of musical numbers. I like to present my arrangements of compositions that fans like to hear."**

Does a poor performance give you an attack of "blues" or do you accept it philosophically?

Nino Martini: "Like most artists, I of course endeavor to give the very best performance possible on each occasion, but I am seldom entirely satisfied with any program I render. I do not, however, allow this to give me the 'blues.'"

Fritzi Scheff: *"I have not as yet found my perfect performance, nor do I think I give a poor performance either."*

Parks Johnson: **Of course a poor performance depresses me. That feeling of depression soon passes, however, and I dig in earnestly to discover *why* it was not up to standard. After a poor performance, the most important thing in the world is the *next* performance, and giving way to a fit of blues for any length of time will impose a terrible handicap on the preparation of that next job."**

Jerry Belcher: "Accept it philosophically."

Olga Albani: *"I don't get over a poor performance for days, knowing that I could have done this or that to have avoided what I felt was a performance not up to my standard"*

Bing Crosby: **"The word is 'anger.'"**

Loretta Lee: "I don't believe anyone can be completely indifferent after giving a bad performance, but I try my best to chalk it up to experience, and benefit by my mistakes"

Deems Taylor: *"I accept it philosophically. Would God the sponsor did!"*

Betty Lou Gerson: **"I'm afraid it is a little difficult to accept it philosophically, as each performance is a final one and we are not allowed to correct poor impressions by sterling performances on the same show the next evening. A first show is a last one, and we have to be judged on merit by one performance."**

Ray Perkins: "My impression is that every performer strikes some sour notes at one time or another. This is particularly true in comedy where one is dependent so much on material. Any of us so-called 'funny men' must have our 'off' times. I feel chagrined and mad at myself, but I immediately start looking forward to the next golden opportunity."

Captain Tim Healy: *"Sometimes we have a bad day and our program is not as good as it should be. I don't get the 'blues' over it, but I certainly do feel pretty cheap after being invited into a home to tell a story and then making blunders in telling that story."*

Virginia Verrill: **"A poor performance gives me the 'bluest of blues' and I do not get over it until I have redeemed myself by giving a good performance."**

Lennie Hayton: "A poor performance does not give me an attack of blues nor do I accept it as 'one of those things.' I try to utilize the mistakes that caused the poor performance in such a way so that I may avoid them in the future."

Ozzie Nelson: *"A bad performance annoys me for hours—sometimes days. In fact, I still remember some lousy ones that I gave a couple of years ago."*

Keep Young and Beautiful

(*Continued from page 9*)

comfortable and painless as possible, I can even suggest a mosquito repellant for you. This is highly practical when you're going in for shorts and sleeveless dresses. It is a greaseless, stainless, fragrant cream. Apply it generously on all the exposed parts, rub it in thoroughly and allow just a few seconds for it to be absorbed. This cream will make your vacation a happy hunting for you, rather than for the mosquitoes!

With the mosquito diet out of the way, let us give a little attention to that reducing diet yen with which most of us are bitten yearly when we catch sight of our figures in bathing suit or shorts. Milk and leafy vegetables offer a healthful combination for a reducing diet. Lettuce, cabbages, spinach, swiss chard, beet tops—all these green leafy vegetables yield the greatest health-giving values because Nature stores her vital mineral elements in thin leaves. It might be well to remember that figures often are most healthy when they, too, come in thin packages. Thin leaves are rich in organic minerals, besides containing the other vitamins common to all green plants. One theory as to why these organic minerals are so important in nutrition is that the minerals in the body carry electric impulses to our tissues; they vitalize us and fill us with life and energy. If more women were sold on that theory, perhaps there would be less foolish and less dangerous dieting fads. I know a doctor who lists these three things as having the greatest importance for creating health and skin beauty: lettuce, carrots, milk. In any summertime reducing diet, it is well to include liberal amounts of all three. Milk and thin-leafed plants really are your safeguards, for they are known as equalizers or balancing foods which, if used liberally, make up for occasional irregularities or deficiencies in diet.

Now I have prepared a special milk diet bulletin for you which also outlines a practical week-end milk diet that probably will prove much more workable for the majority of you than the strict weekly diet. The milk diet bulletin is yours for the sending in of the coupon.

Milk not only is a great reducing and building food, but it is a great beautifier. Milk is real skin food. It seems to have a direct effect on the skin, helping to keep it soft and pliable. There are several milk creams I think you ought to know about because they actually incorporate pure milk in their formulas. One is a massage cream which contains eighty per cent. pure, fresh milk. Directions and diagrams come with the cream so that you will know exactly how to give yourself a soothing facial. There also is milky lotion you'll like, which blends beautifully into the skin and makes the perfect summer powder base. It gives rich, non-sticky protection for dry skin.

After all, it isn't how long a vacation you get, but what you do with it that counts. A week-end on the milk diet, allowing yourself as much relaxation and sunshine as possible, with a few soul pampering facials, will leave you rejuvenated in body and mind.

What if you have planned a very grand vacation at the seaside and you end up for a week-end or week at Aunt Clara's farm? You can do noble things for your figure when you climb haystacks, jump fences, and hike along country roads or in sweet-smelling woods. Fresh air for filling your lungs with oxygen; gardens that produce a harvest of complexion and figure beautifying foods; pure fresh milk and water for keeping clean both inside and out, sunshine for filling your bodies and hearts, woods and lakes that stimulate you to use your bodies in rejuvenating exercise and outdoor sports . . . these things are *free*.

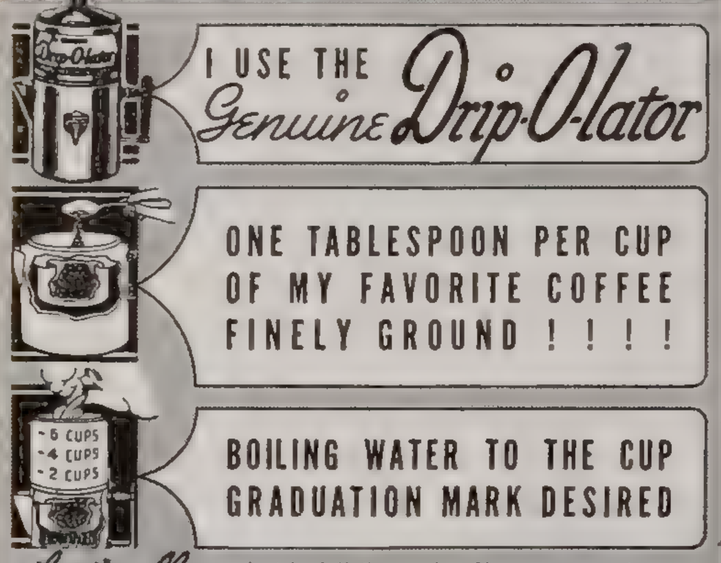
Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York City

Please send me a copy of your Milk Diet.

Name.....

Address.....

(Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope)



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At Grocery Neighborhood or 10c Stores

Radio Ramblings

(*Continued from page 6*)

birthplace and boyhood home in Dundee, Scotland—for the first time in twenty-four years. The trip is by way of being a honeymoon for the singer and his bride of three months. The Gospel Singer's broadcasts will be resumed on Monday, August 3rd, on his regular schedule.

During August we shall miss Kate Smith's voice from the CBS network, for the first time in six years.

Kate has chartered a 90-foot yacht, aboard which she will take an Alaskan cruise, accompanied by her manager, Ted Collins and Mrs. Collins and the Collins family. The yacht will be manned by a skipper and crew of five. Kate says she wants to relax, but she is taking along tackle and gear for deep-sea fishing. Also she plans to cruise to the whaling grounds in the North Pacific, where she hopes to witness the capture of a whale.

George Burns is getting his summer tan on the Hollywood links, letting no turf grow under his cleek! Other golfers are Walter Woolf King of The Flying Red Horse Tavern, *Glen Gray, bandmaster of the* Camel Caravan, *Oscar Shaw of* Broadway Varieties *and "Smilin' Ed" McConnell.*

Tennis addicts include Andre Kostelanetz, *Chesterfield* orchestra director, who learned his lobs in Leningrad when it was still St. Petersburg; Igor Gorin, who batted them back and forth on the Viennese courts before he ever heard of *Hollywood Hotel;* Matthew (*Buck Rogers*) Crowley and Agnes Moorhead of *The Great American Tourist.*

Boake Carter goes in for sailing. He learned to handle booms and top-gallants while a student at Cambridge University, England. Guy Lombardo looks for another silver trophy for his mantel-piece for his newest speed boat.

Virginia Verrill says she'll just go a-fishin'.

"VERCES"—OR WHAT HAVE YOU?

Listening to Walter Winchell's Sunday night *Jergens Journal,* this rambler, after about three minutes, begins to feel dizzy! Why, we wonder, must this entertaining news gossip be shrieked at us? What a pleasant relief when Announcer Ben Grauer begins to speak! Out of sheer gratitude we rush out and buy a bottle of Jergens!

Boake Carter's commentaries are so soundly reasoned and so well put, we can't quarrel with his voice—though occasionally we wish we didn't have to strain quite so hard to get every syllable. However, maybe it's a good thing—if it were easier, we might miss some of it through sheer carelessness. And it's worth working for!

We've heard some comments on Carter's "synthetic English." But since he was born and educated in England, his Cambridge University accent can scarcely be called synthetic. Incidentally, Carter's uncle was financial advisor to Edward the Seventh and his sister is secretary to a member of the British Parliament. Boake himself long has been a student of political economy both here and abroad—so we may accept both his accent and his comments with conviction.

Gracie Allen's speaking voice, bright, smooth, streamlined, is a delight. Even if she weren't funny, she'd be easy on the ears. There's music enough in her chatter. Why must she—er—sing?

Portland Hoffa's sing-song blends agreeably with Fred Allen's Down-East drawl. Their Wednesday evening duet is a pleasantly balanced harmony.

The sound of Bea Lillie's voice is deliciously humorous. If someone only would give her something worth using it on!

The voice of Graham McNamee is a grateful foil for Ed Wynn's giggle.

And, to top off, that sweet, flute-like song of Margaret Speaks, of the Firestone program.

WHAT TELEVISION MIGHT DISCLOSE

Eddie Dowling's *Elgin Revue,* broadcast Tuesdays over *NBC.* . . . Ray Dooley, Number One Baby Imitator and sparkling comedienne, scorns chairs and sits on the floor—almost under the piano —while awaiting her turn at the mike. Despite more than twenty years on the stage, she's actually bashful in the studio She reads her lines without a script.

***The Johnson Wax Comics.* . . . In the front row of a studio at *NBC* (Chicago), filled with a giggling, expectant audience, sits a couple looking like a pair of sightseers from the country. Rico Marchelli, on a high podium, commands a lively air from the band and the show begins. The country cousins edge up to the microphone—you might take them for curious intruders, were it not for the scripts in their hands. She wears a frowsy cotton print dress, fitting her like a sack. Above her naïve face perches a kettle-shaped hat with a crazily swaying black feather. He, with battered straw hat, ill-fitting horn-rimmed spectacles, one-button striped suit, is the conventional "rube"—down to his bright orange shoes.**

They are *Fibber McGee and Molly.*

And, for a Pagliacci *touch. Rumor whispers that behind the infectious smile of comic Phil Baker dwells a mist of tears when he picks up his accordion for a solo on his hilarious Sunday night series. In his early youth he dreamed of being a great musician. But he gave up the violin for the "pleated piano" and mirth for the multitudes. Nevertheless, he once was invited to play his accordion with the Boston Symphony orchestra.*

"CURIOSER AND CURIOSER!"

Long ago we used to read and delight in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass.* In the latter especially, the fantastic backward progress of events—running to stay in the same place—beginning the dinner with dessert and proceeding to soup—being introduced to items on the menu and then having them removed untasted. . . .

How much at home the heroine of those adventures would feel amid today's curious travesties on logical order and sequence. You can think of a thousand instances. Here's another:

Recently the Women's National Radio Committee, radio representative of all the federated Women's clubs throughout the country, sent to all the secretaries of these clubs ballots on which to register their preferences among radio programs. Seven thousand ballots were returned. Of the children's programs, the majority of the votes put Ireene Wicker, *The Singing Lady,* in first place.

In making their awards, the judges announced *Wilderness Road,* a program which did not rank high in the balloting, as the best of the children's programs—making no mention of the fact that Ireene Wicker's program received the greatest number of votes as the leading juvenile program.

"Pudding—Alice . . . Alice—pudding. Remove the pudding!"

BEAUTY NOTE

The damsel who admits to having a devil of restlessness within her (up in the front of the book)—Rachel Carlay of *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*—has one very definite beauty rule:

"Go to sleep with a smile on your face, and wake up with a smile, and you need never worry about wrinkles. All those mouths that droop at the corners, all those lines of discouragement on the face, come from going to sleep with a worried expression. Force yourself to smile before sleeping, and I'll guarantee you'll sing before breakfast."

But will she guarantee a polite audience for our singing?

SCOOP!

We beat the *Radio Laughs* (see last page) reporter to this one:

Phil Baker, wearied with a long rehearsal the other day, complained that his stooge, Bottle, wasn't giving him his best.

"I've given my all," Bottle said sadly. "There's nothing left in me!"

"Fine!" sighed Phil. "If you're empty—maybe the store will give me a nickel back on you!"

SUMMER CONCERTS

For the third season the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and operas will be presented at Lewisohn Stadium at the College of the City of New York. Beginning on June 24th, they will be broadcast over the Mutual network, on a schedule to be announced. The season closes on August 18th.

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Conductors engaged for the season are Jose Iturbi, Willem Van Hoogstraten and Alexander Smallens, who have conducted in previous seasons at the stadium, and one who has not conducted there before —the English maestro, Paul Kerby.

Make note of this on your summer listening programs.

BITS ABOUT BROADCASTERS

Kenny Baker, lyric tenor of Jack Benny's Sunday night *NBC* show, was born in Monrovia, California. He married his high school sweetheart. John Charles Thomas is his idol.

Al Bowlly, Ray Noble's vocalist in CBS' Refreshment Time, *is a native of Johannesburg, South Africa. He met Ray in London and has been with him for seven years.*

Dick Powell, star of *Hollywood Hotel*, likes to cook—ham and eggs. He spends most of his leisure time playing polo or golf.

Golf also is the current hobby of Frank Munn, featured tenor of *Lavender and Old Lace.* Frank's pet expression is "Take it easy!"

William Daly, conductor of the Firestone Symphony orchestra, was born in Cincinnati, of a theatrical family.

Harry (Parkyakarkus) Einstein doesn't know any Greek! He is six feet tall and has brown eyes and black hair and hails from Boston. He is Eddie Cantor's "Greek" stooge.

Lucy Monroe's first professional job was as understudy to Grace Moore in *Music Box Revue.* She has appeared in Grand Opera and now is featured soprano of *Lavender and Old Lace.*

Vivian della Chiesa is a sports fan. She loves watching a good golf or polo match, or a baseball or football game.

Armida's last name is Vendrell, but she never uses it professionally. She was born in La Colorado, Sonora, Mexico. After several movie triumphs, she is singing on the *Paris Night Life program.*

Seventeen-year-old Durelle Alexander, singer on Paul Whiteman's program, was born in Greenville, Texas. She's five feet tall and weighs ninety-eight pounds.

Abe Lyman has had a colorful career. As a boy, he sold papers from three in the afternoon till seven in the evening. Up at six in the morning, he got tickets to baseball games by cleaning the stands. Later he drove a taxicab during the day and played the drums in a movie house at night. His musical career started twelve years ago, as a drummer in a small Chicago café.

Board of Review

(*Continued from page 13*)

46. **ED WYNN (NBC).....65.5**
Much better since reuniting with Graham McNamee.

47. **CAMEL CARAVAN (CBS).....65.1**
Recent winner of our Distinguished Service Award.

48. **VOX POP, THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (NBC).....65.1**
Still unusually good, with the questions always crisp and constructive.

49. **FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE "THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT" (CBS).....64.9**
The approach of Election Day has helped immensely.

50. **GANG BUSTERS (CBS).....64.8**
Phillips Lord provides first-class excitement.

51. **ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE DOG DRAMAS (NBC).....64.6**
Interesting and authentic stories of canine heroes.

52. **TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC).....64.6**
The younger set.

53. **THE ATLANTIC FAMILY ON TOUR (CBS).....64.5**
Bob Hope, Frank Parker, Honey Chile and lots of fun.

54. **THE WORLD DANCES—LUD GLUSKIN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).....64.0**
Major Bowes latest opposition.

55. **ALEMITE HALF HOUR WITH HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS (CBS).....63.9**
Horace Heidt in charge.

56. **BOB CROSBY (CBS).....63.7**
Bing should be proud of his brother.

57. **LANNY ROSS PRESENTS MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).....63.6**
They've given the boat a new coat of paint.

58. **LADY ESTHER SERENADE (NBC).63.5**
"The incomparable strains of Wayne King's music."

59. **SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).....63.3**
Gus Van leading the parade.

60. **CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS).62.2**
Recreating the highlights of industry and commerce.

61. **KATE SMITH (CBS).....61.9**
Yours for good cheer.

62. **LAUGH WITH KEN MURRAY (CBS) ...61.9**
Ken is excellent and it's a shame the same can't be said about his gags.

63. **HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC) ...61.7**
Strolling down memory lane.

64. **VIC AND SADE (NBC).....61.1**
This program would have more listeners if broadcast in the evening.

65. **FOLIES DE PAREE WITH THE HOWARDS (NBC).....60.8**
Willie and Eugene Howard and Fifi Dorsay. Gay and lively.

66. **MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).....60.7**
Somehow the critics refuse to be enthusiastic.

67. **MARY MARLIN (CBS).....60.5**
Radio drama, conscientiously presented.

68. **IRENE RICH (NBC).....60.4**
Former screen favorite in interesting dramatic playlets.

69. **TED HUSING AND THE CHARIOTEERS (CBS).....60.4**
Radio's best sports announcer.

70. **MUSICAL REVERIES WITH STUART CHURCHILL (CBS).....59.8**
Stuart Churchill's popularity continues to soar.

71. **FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY (NBC) ...59.5**
Tall stories made funnier by Molly's heckling.

72. **THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS).....59.2**
Joan Marsh and Walter Woolf King.

73. **PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS (NBC)..59.0**
Something besides music, for a change.

74. **MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (NBC).....57.3**
Rachel Carlay who makes you think of Paris in the Spring.

75. **ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).....56.9**
Exciting tales of how futile crime really is.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Shirley's Health Comes First

(*Continued from page 31*)

nights, Mom and I. They're friends."

"And then there is Mr. Lionel Barrymore as *Scrooge*. Last Christmas when he was being *Scrooge* on the radio, I hardly ate my turkey at all till it was cold. Because *Scrooge* was on the radio while we were having dinner and everyone at the table was talking and so I got excused and went and sat right close to the radio and listened to him."

"Why," I said, "just why do you like the others so well—*Vic and Sade*, I mean, and *Betty and Bob . . .?*"

"Oh, they're just my friends, like I said," said Shirley affably. "I just like to hear what they've been doing."

"Can you think of anything else you like about radio?" I asked.

"Well," Shirley considered, walking sort of edgewise between her mother and me, "well, Mother and I sing songs quite often when we are driving in the car, or just around the house, you know. And I guess we wouldn't know so many songs if we didn't hear them over the radio. We learn most of our songs that way."

"And then," prompted Mrs. Temple, "the radio sometimes helps you, Shirley, with your work, you know."

"Oh, *yes,*" said Shirley with that enthusiasm which seems to bubble a shining freshet through every word that she says. "You see, I have to sing a song in my new picture. It's called *De Gospel Train.* It's a negro spirit-ual. Last night someone sang it over the radio and that helped me to learn it *very* well. . . ."

"Do you," I asked, "like sad things on the radio?"

"No," said Shirley promptly. "They make me cry. Like last Christmas. Mommie and I heard a boy singing a sad song. He said he didn't want Santa to bring him a new top or a new sled. He said he just wanted Santa to bring his Mommie back again. That made me cry."

"Shirley doesn't like to cry," said Mrs. Temple, smiling down on the shining curls. "She almost never *does.*"

"Would you," I pursued, "like to sing songs on the radio yourself, Shirley?"

"Yes, I would," said Shirley, hazel eyes alight, "and I'd like to do plays, too. I did say some words on the radio once."

"Just once," agreed Mrs. Temple. "Shirley never has broadcast, you know, that is, with the single exception of one line she spoke when the studio dedicated the new sound stage to Will Rogers, some months ago. Do you remember what you said, darling?"

"Yes," said Shirley, promptly, "I said: *'I love Mr. Rogers, too.'* And I do! He used to call me his *bohunk!"*

We had reached the cottage dressing-room. A duck of a cottage which looks as though it were miles out in the heart of the country. New flowers had been planted in the garden in the back—pansies, which are Shirley's "very favorite flower." A rope swing swayed under an old tree. Bunnies nibbled in their hutches. Shirley showed me one of her latest toys—a car.

THOUSANDS AMAZED HOW NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT INCREASES WEIGHT

1 Rich, red blood necessary to carry proper nourishment to build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by the easily absorbed iron in this new discovery.

2 A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of the food you eat, requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this precious element.

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Posed by professional models

Gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks, reported

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Not only has this new 3-way discovery quickly brought normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, new pep and popularity.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

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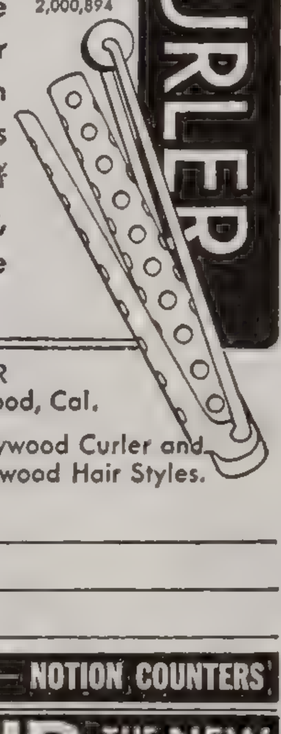

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Caused by Tired Kidneys

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The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

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a real long white streamlined car.

"A friend of Bill Robinson's sent it to her," explained Mrs. Temple. "And Shirley drives the car herself, around the safe back lot of the studio."

She asked if she might drive it for a few minutes now. And off she went, permission given, accompanied by a group of studio friends.

"Shirley gets a great deal from radio, as a matter of fact," her mother told me. "She really did learn to dance to radio music. We have, of course, innumerable radio offers for Shirley. In another year or so radio will be inevitable, I am sure. But not quite yet. We really cannot allow Shirley now to do anything more than she is doing."

I knew about some of those radio offers, I knew that some of them had run into five figures. I knew that Shirley is rated, next only to Bing Crosby, as the most valuable 'song plugger" in the business.

"We do feel, now," Mrs. Temple was saying, "that radio would be too much for the child. What with her lines to learn for four pictures a year, her school work, which she does with her teacher on the set and takes very seriously, her fittings and photographs and the time she must have for rest and play and meals—well, if she had to prepare a broadcast every week, learn new songs and new lines or even brush up on some of her pictures to present them over a new medium—it would tax her far too severely. And she couldn't read her lines, you see. She would have to memorize them. She can read a little but not well enough for broadcasting. In another year or so she will be able to read and that will make it easier.

"I know that she would enjoy broadcasting, as she enjoys everything she does. You will know that she would enjoy it, too, when you see her in *Poor Little Rich Girl.* For it is, really, a radio picture. And Shirley is shown singing over the air. She seemed to take to the mike as naturally as to dancing and the camera.

There are two reasons, actually, why Shirley is not on the air. One is that her studio contract forbids her to do radio. The other is safeguarding her health.

Most of the studios place most of their stars under contracts absolutely forbidding them to accept any radio contracts whatsoever. It is, perhaps, the natural enmity between two great and rival mediums. For the screen producers feel, I understand, that if screen stars can be heard over the air, fans will remain away from the theatres and the Box Office will suffer accordingly. Maybe. But in any event the day is not far off when pictures and radio will be wed—in television.

I know, then, that the studio forbids Shirley to broadcast, to make personal appearances, to appear in news reels. She is to be kept, exclusively, a picture personality.

Within recent months here are a few of the requests which have been made of Shirley-aged-seven: She has been asked to act as Queen of a county Fair, to address 10,000 children in a public park, to open a Flower Show, to appear before Women's Clubs, Breakfast Clubs, dealers' conventions; to be photographed with new refrigerators, tractors, railway trains, crates of lettuce, groups of distinguished visitors to Southern California. She has been requested to appear at the Century of Progress Exposition (private car and personnel to be placed at her service). She has been sought for a great Relief Drive. She was asked to open the State Fair at Sacramento, the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona. She has had offers beyond counting for personal appearances in theatres in New York and all other cities, large and small. And the offers from radio alone would have placed her in such high financial brackets as would have boomeranged and rendered her income less rather than more.

Shirley should have been the Quints she so adores! And even then there wouldn't have been one-tenth enough of her to go around? It is an amazing, it is rather a pathetic psychological commentary, really, the way the whole world bares its child-hungry heart, reaches out its eager hands for this small child of seven.

I said to Shirley's wise and quiet mother: "How do you do it? I'll never understand! All of the flattery, the attention, the millions of gifts. . . .

But as I said 'millions of gifts' I remembered something—a little something which did make me understand. I had taken my own little boy to Shirley's birthday party last April. At the head of the table sat Shirley merrily engaged in throwing accurate spit-balls at one of her little boy guests. Her mother's watchful eye saw her, too. And instantly small Shirley was led from the table and one plump hand firmly rapped. I liked Shirley all the better for those delightfully normal spitballs! I liked Shirley's mother the better for that maternal discipline.

"I think," Mrs. Temple was saying, "I think the explanation is—*Shirley herself.* It is honestly true that she just doesn't *spoil.* I don't believe that she could be spoiled. I never have had to spank her. I never have had to punish her in any way. Oh, once in a while a little paddy-whack and a 'run along, now, no more of that!'—and that is all, ever. I can always reason with Shirley.

"Perhaps, too, the fact that our home life never has changed may have something to do with it. Shirley never has had a nurse. She hasn't now. I always have washed and curled her hair, dressed and undressed her, washed her hands and face, heard her prayers. I still do. Her Daddy always gave her her evening bath, ever since she was a tiny baby. He still does. He wouldn't miss it for the world. And after her bath he always reads her her bedtime story. He wouldn't allow anything on earth to interfere with that. And then, when she is all tucked in and the lights ready to be put out, I come in and go over her lines for the next day with her. She repeats them, half drowsily, and they stay fixed in her mind.

"Her brothers adore her, of course, they always have—ever since her babyhood. They roughhouse with her and play games with her as any older brothers would do with any little sister. And now and then George will say: 'Say, she's getting kind of sassy, isn't she?' Shirley isn't a star at home," said Mrs. Temple softly. "She is just our little girl.

"She really," said this wise and wonderful mother, "has a beautiful disposition. Much better," laughed Mrs. Temple,

"than *I* have. I am inclined to be moody. Shirley is not. She never sulks. She never pouts. She hasn't a nerve in her body. She isn't afraid of anything. She doesn't have an extremely large appetite, but what she eats she assimilates. She takes after my younger son with her slow eating. Why, when he was just a little fellow, I remember that I would have all the beds made and most of the dishes done before he had finished half his breakfast!"

And that last remark, so unselfconsciously made, lovably characterizes Mrs. Temple to me. So many women, in a similar position, would have found it convenient to forget that they ever had made a bed or washed a dish! For millions must have poured into the Temple coffers in the past couple of years. It is one of the most incredibly fantastic stories in the world. Think of it, this simple, normal American family living a pleasant routine life in a modest house on a modest street on a modest income. Just everyday folks, with two nice, lively youngsters. And then—when they might well have believed that life had settled into its fixed pattern, then—*Shirley!* With the riches of the motion picture industry, the proffered riches of radio, an almost incalculable income from Shirley Temple dolls and dresses and books and toys and dear-knows-what-all in her wondrous wake!

"I do know," Mrs. Temple was saying, "that Shirley is not in the slightest degree conscious of herself, of her looks. I believe that the whole secret of her naturalness is that she just never thinks of herself. She never looks in a mirror. She never asks what dress she is going to wear. She is aware, of course, that she attracts attention. I have explained it to her by telling her that *she* loves to look at a cuddly kitten or bunny because they amuse her and she loves them—and in the same loving, amused way people love to look at her. I explain the thousands of gifts she receives in the same way. I tell her that more people see her because she is in pictures, that's all. I know that she has an instinctive desire to be as inconspicuous as possible.

"She is happy and that is the answer to everything. She has no sophisticated tastes. She would rather color with crayons and be read to than to do anything else at all. She had her very first ice-cream soda the other day and she was as excited as a child would be over the most elaborate treat.

"She feels that her work in pictures is play, make-believe. And she is happy playing make-believe, much as a little girl would be happy who had a huge, richly stocked attic to rummage in, to find dress-up clothes in and then to have enchanting people materialize to play with her. The studio is Shirley's attic.

"I think she would feel the same about broadcasting. I know that she would love to sing songs and do scenes from her plays over the air. I shouldn't be surprised to find that Shirley's future on the air would be mostly that—doing scenes from her pictures. And it must come, of course, for Shirley," said Mrs. Temple, beckoning Shirley to park her car, "not now, but someday . . . soon."

"Tell them," said Shirley, as we said goodbye, "tell them, when you write, that I send my love. . . ."

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BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

The Radio Hostess Presents Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit

(*Continued from page 11*)

live in a New York hotel. But 'home,' you know, 'is where the heart is' and that's Springfield for Frank and for me."

It must be a lovely spot, indeed, from the description and the pictures they gave me. It is there that they dispense the hospitality for which they are so famous, the Crumits' reputation as host and hostess being second to none. Moreover, they number among their enthusiastic guests, particularly during the summer, many people of the stage and screen as well as those in the radio game. For both Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson originally were stars in musical comedies, you know, and even though they have completely deserted the stage for the air-waves, their friends from the theatre are legion. Mr. Crumit's continued popularity among fellow thespians is further proved by the title he holds of *Shepherd* of the *Lambs*—that most famous of actors' clubs. Many's the member of this club who has enjoyed the friendly hospitality of *Dunrovin* and the delicious foods served there!

"Summer visitors this year will find that we are specializing in salads," Miss Sanderson informed me, while Frank went on rehearsing with the orchestra. "We've taken up salads and bicycling in a big way," she continued, "and both for the same purpose—getting thin."

"Getting thin?" I echoed in some surprise, surveying Miss Sanderson's svelte figure and the daintiest feet and ankles I have seen in many a day.

"Well, *staying* thin, then, if you prefer," laughed Julia, "although with our appetites and love for sweets, either is difficult enough. Frank finds it especially hard and our cook makes it none the easier for us by tempting us with the most divine concoctions imaginable. Finally I hit on what I think is a great little scheme."

"What is that?" I inquired with justifiable curiosity.

"Extra-Special Salads," she replied with conviction. "Not just any old bowl of lettuce with a tepid, flat French dressing, but combinations and molds that would make the salad course more like a treat and less like a penance. This fulfils a double purpose; it makes us more enthusiastic over the things we should eat and less anxious for those we shouldn't have; while at the same time it keeps our cook busy so that she is less likely to make up rich pastries and other fattening foods with which to tempt us."

One thing Miss Sanderson believes, I learned, is that if you want to serve salads that men will enjoy, you must *not* serve sweet salads heavily disguised under a thick coat of whipped cream with a topping of nuts and maraschino cherries.

"Frank would scream at the sight of one!" Julia vowed. "And demand a steak smothered in butter and onions, rich biscuits, french fried potatoes and cherry pie on the spot! But if the salad is substantial, well seasoned and attractively served, if the dressing that accompanies it is flavorsome and the supply generous, then he will go along meekly counting out his calories and pedaling out his bicycle miles."

Miss Sanderson was very glad to suggest a couple of salads such as her Frank—and most men—would enjoy. Both salads, as it happens, are molded ones, "because they make such an attractive appearance when turned out on to a lovely platter with a border of lettuce leaves, sliced tomatoes, baby beets, (the canned variety) and cold cuts," said Julia.

Miss Sanderson feels that almost everyone has a long list of the more usual salad combinations of her own, but she believes that these two molded salad recipes followed by her cook are in a class by themselves. I, too, have tried out her recipes and I am now as enthusiastic as are the Crumits. With a round "ring mold" (you can get one in aluminum, nowadays, for as little as 20¢) and a few simple ingredients, you, too, can make a salad that looks as tempting and professional as the one pictured on the first page of this article. On that same page you also will find a convenient coupon that will bring you a free copy of this month's *Radio Hostess* leaflet, which contains such clearly explained directions for making this salad that you, too, will be able to achieve a real *Dunrovin* effect.

The other Crumit salad, which I did not have pictured for you, is a vegetable one. But, as Miss Sanderson suggested, this is an "extra-special" salad, too, for it has a flavor that men will cheer over. And when you can make a man cheer over a salad, sister, you're a cook! The recipe—also in the leaflet—will give you a chance to prove whether or not I'm right!

But I'm not going to be content with giving you just salad recipes this month, for the Crumits occasionally "splurge," they admit, so why shouldn't we? Salads for health, yes—even salads for enjoyment. But the most devoted and consistent diet fans must have a treat once in a while—a sort of holiday from vitamin and calorie consciousness! And for such rare but happy occasions I can imagine nothing more tempting than two treats mentioned by Mr. Crumit, with an even broader grin than usual on his constantly beaming countenance.

"There is practically nothing I *don't* like in the food line—too well, alas!" he declared when, the rehearsal being over, I questioned him personally on his food preferences. "But if I must declare myself, I'd place Popovers and Cherry Pie at the top of the list. Cherry Pie, in my opinion, has all other pies beaten by a mile as a summer dessert. And Popovers! Hot and brown and hollow! Get Julia to tell you a clever *Party Popover* stunt she invented."

Well, Julia did, and I claim it's a wow! You make your popovers smaller than usual, split them when they are done and insert a tasty filling. Serve immediately as a cocktail accompaniment, or with tea, or as a buffet supper treat. As an Americanized version of the popular Russian Pirojikis (*pronounced pe-roosh-kees*),

One of the three co-holders of the coveted title, *Miss Radio of 1936,* Helen Marshall, lovely soprano singer, is as beautiful to look at as she is to listen to.

these "Party Popovers" are bound to make a hit with your guests. You'll find the recipe in the Hostess leaflet. Serve them with one of the Sanderson Salads—Roquefort Mousse or Ango-Vegetable—follow this course with Frank Crumit's favorite dessert, Cherry Pie (also in the leaflet) and your reputation as a hostess-who-knows-what's-what will be made for all time!

You already know that all you have to do to get copies of these recipes is to send in the coupon. But I have still another treat in store for you this month—a summer special that you would be wise to take advantage of. As it happens, we still have on hand a few copies each of several of the recipe leaflets we have offered during previous months. Those of which we still have a small supply are listed on the coupon. Check off one or two of those you would like to have, together with this month's Julia Sanderson-Frank Crumit recipes. By so doing you will receive three leaflets instead of one—and all of them free, as always! This offer is open to everyone as long as our supply lasts. So if you act promptly here's your chance to get some of the leaflets you may have missed, together with directions for fixing the favorite foods of this month's guest stars.

By the way, you'll find that either of the two salad dressing recipes given below will add zest to your Julia Sanderson salads. So be sure and cut them out or copy them down so that you will have them handy when your recipe leaflet reaches you.

1-2-3 FRENCH DRESSING

(for economy of time and ingredients)

1 *teaspoon salt*
3 *teaspoons sugar*
2 *teaspoons paprika*
1 *cup vegetable oil*
⅓ *cup vinegar*

1—Mix dry ingredients.
2—Add oil and beat together thoroughly.
3—Add vinegar, beat slowly until well mixed.

"QUICKIE" DRESSING

1 *teaspoon salt*
2 *teaspoons sugar*
2 *pinches white pepper*
½ *teaspoon paprika*
2 *tablespoons white vinegar*
1 *egg yolk*
4 *tablespoons olive oil*

Mix salt, sugar, pepper and paprika. Add vinegar. When thoroughly blended beat this mixture into well beaten egg yolk. Add olive oil, blend together thoroughly. A little sugar may be added to dry ingredients if desired.

You can't expect to have a peaches-and-cream complexion unless you maintain regular habits of elimination.

Don't let more than one day go by without coming to Nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are mild and gentle and non-habit-forming. They bring about the desired result promptly.

Accumulated body waste is an enemy of health and beauty. Get rid of stored-up poisons quickly by taking a beauty laxative.

Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
OLIVE TABLETS
THE Beauty LAXATIVE

Another Hollywood favorite,
JOAN MARSH
has joined the Radio Ranks.
Read her story in *September*
RADIO STARS

A CORN
IS LIKE A TACK IN YOUR
TOE

DON'T PARE A CORN
Remove it Root and All*

MILLIONS who used to cut and pare their corns—giving only temporary relief—are now using a new scientific method that quickly, safely gets rid of entire corn ROOT* AND ALL. Blue-Jay, the new scientifically medicated plaster, stops the pain instantly—and in three days the whole corn lifts out root and all.

Blue-Jay is tiny, invisible, easy to use. Made with Wet-Pruf adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. Get a box today. 25¢ for package of 6.

BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development

Board of Review

(*Continued from page 74*)

76. FRANK FAY (NBC).....56.9
The humor drags in spots, but Frank has his following.

77. CAPT. TIM'S ADVENTURE STORIES (NBC).....56.3
Even the most prosaic postage stamp has an interesting story.

78. PICK AND PAT (CBS).....55.3
Even the oldest of gags sound fresh coming from this blackface team.

79. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC)...54.7
Rural rollicking.

80. EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC).....54.4
The world's richest poet.

81. ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT (CBS)...54.0
For the feminine fans.

82. THE O'NEILLS (NBC).....53.7
The Goldbergs in disguise.

83. BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS)...53.5
Oscar Shaw and Carmela Ponselle.

84. LUM 'N' ABNER (NBC).....52.9
Sly humor in the Pine Ridge manner.

85. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (NBC)...52.9
Solace for the troubled heart.

86. GOGO DE LYS (CBS).....52.6
Gogo's grand.

87. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC)..52.6
Bedtime stories for the kiddies.

88. JUST PLAIN BILL (CBS).....50.0
Common sense dramatics.

89. VAUGHN DE LEATH (NBC).....50.0
Long a favorite.

90. BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY (CBS).....49.8
It gets more fantastic all the time.

91. LET'S PRETEND (CBS).....49.0
Kid stuff.

92. FIVE STAR JONES (CBS).....47.5
Newspaper special.

93. BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS).....47.3
Entertaining.

94. RENFREW OF THE MOUNTED (CBS)...47.0
Red-blooded thriller.

95. LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS).....46.3
Songs in the easy manner.

96. MA PERKINS (NBC).....44.6
Mother knows best.

Air-Conditioned Smartness

(*Continued from page 15*)

lengths to end at the knee without the awkward bulge of garters!

Our radio favorites, even though they may broadcast only once or twice a week, have to keep within calling distance of the big studios in the hottest weather. And since most of our great broadcasting centers are in large cities, they have to dress to city temperatures as much as the girls who are at their desks all day.

I inquired of several smart radioites what they would suggest for us, who work in cities and towns.

All agreed that, even in summer, darker colors look the coolest for business. One said she liked the navy or wine-colored dress that has a crisp white jacket as topper. Both the dress and jacket in a washable material, so that the freshness of both is a mere matter of tub dipping. Short sleeves for the dress, just above the elbow length, and either short or long sleeves for the jacket. Some of the fabrics she suggested were: one of the synthetic weaves for the dress and white pique or uncrushable linen for the jacket—or shantung for both dress and jacket.

Another said she thought the shirtwaist type of dress in cotton, silk or synthetic fabrics was a perfect choice for warm days, in town or out. For city wear, she thought a dark background with a light dot, floral design or fine stripe was appropriate yet fresh looking. This dress should be washable, too.

The washable suit came in for its share of approval, too. Especially in dark shades such as navy, May wine and brown that could be contrasted with light accessories. The suit of this type, worn with a cool light-colored blouse, is a great business success because it looks trim while you are commuting to and from the office—and the blouse and skirt make a comfortable duo when the jacket is removed.

The sheer crêpes and nets came in for a round of applause as city dwellers—but all in the simplest and most tailored styles. The sheer jacket or redingote over a printed or plain dress was mentioned as being cool and smart for wearing from the office to evening dining and dancing.

Handbags, hats and gloves that take to water like a spaniel, were the popular vote for accessories. You see, the trick is to keep everything looking fresh and crisp.

Benay Venuta wears a slick washable hat with a two-piece blue silk dress. It's white pique, made like a bonnet, with the brim rolled up in front and the hair showing at the back. This can be unfastened and rolled out into a flat piece for washing and ironing. The contrasting ribbon trim unsnaps and can be removed.

Benay's dress is attractively designed with the blouse fastened by white buttons set at intervals in trio formation. Tabs with similar triads of buttons decorate the pockets. And she varies the neckline by wearing contrasting scarfs, tied Ascot fashion.

Grace Albert, who is one of the *Honeymooners* you like to listen to, has joined the rabid bicycling fans all over the country. By the way, have you had the fun of going off on one of the bicycle trains? Regular week-end trips are being made from many of the large cities—the trains carry the cyclists and their cycles out to the open spaces where they can pedal away to their hearts' content. It's wonderful exercise, great fun and also inexpensive.

Back to Grace Albert, however. Grace lives near the beach, so she rides to and from on her bike. That intriguing-looking barrel bag on the handlebars is red and white canvas with a zipper closing. In it she carries her bathing paraphernalia. Pedalling to the beach, she wears a culotte costume in blue crush-resisting linen with a gay red linen bolero. All the bike fans are wearing these good-looking and practical divided skirt outfits.

Jane Pickens relaxes from broadcasting in a beach dress that looks smart enough to double as a summer evening ensemble! A giddy pattern, in the Japanese style, is printed upon a deep bright blue cotton. The short-sleeved jacket has white pique revers and white buttons. Jacket removed, and beneath is a trim fitted bodice, also trimmed with white pique. The skirt is trimmed with white pique.

The same crisp freshness that rules the daytime fashion picture is true of the evening one, too. Cotton really blossoms forth in a galaxy of charming summer dance dresses. You can have organdies in every color and type—some plain over taffeta slips in contrasting colors, some embroidered in gay designs, some with soft velvet designs traced upon them (the velvet washes right along with the organdy).

I saw a lovely evening dress made of pique, printed in a tiny, gay floral pattern, that had floating scarfs of chiffon in the color of the print. An unusual fabric alliance but a delightful one. And for gay young things, I like a nautical looking dinner dress that combined a white, braid trimmed linen top with a navy blue linen skirt, the hem also trimmed with braid.

Chiffons, sheers, nets and lace are other choices for summer gaieties. Frances Langford wears a lovely dinner gown of pale blue chiffon—the skirt is very full and so are the long sleeves. The bodice shows a slip of solid lace beneath and Frances clips the broad sash rather high in front to give her a definitely emphasized waistline.

The shirtwaist dress invades the formal field, too. Some of the prettiest of the cotton dinner dresses are feminine, long-skirted versions of this daytime style.

Before leaving this intriguing subject of mid-summer coolness, I want to tell you about a new dress innovation that simplifies things for all of us. No more tedious sewing of fabric strips to hold your lingerie straps in place. Instead, you can buy metal holders that sew into the shoulders of every costume! These grand little gadgets come in pairs and look somewhat like the hook of the old-fashioned hook-and-eye. They are wide enough to hold any lingerie strap and there's an opening through which you slip the strap.

Just sew these to the shoulder seams of every costume and leave them on when the dress is cleaned or washed because they are rust-proof. They come in three finishes: nickel, gold and black. You will find them at any local department store.

For this one month only, I am offering you a sample of these shoulder strap holders free! Fill in the coupon below, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Elizabeth Ellis,
Radio Stars,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your free sample of metal shoulder strap holders. Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

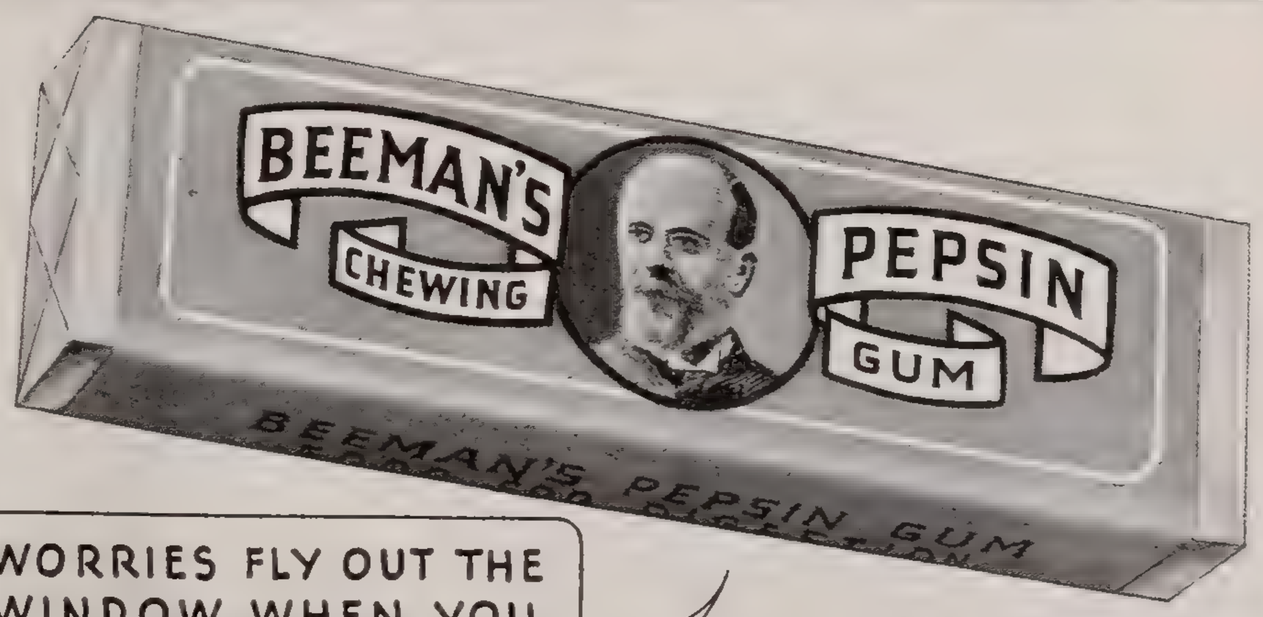
NAME.....

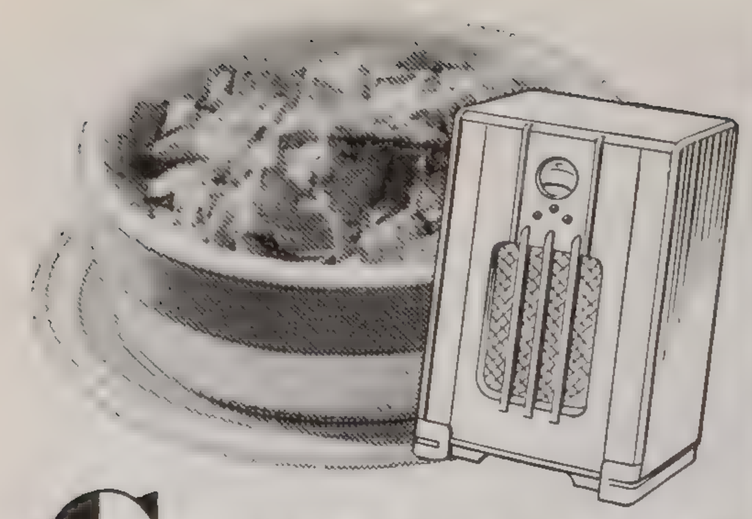
STREET.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

Willie (left) and Eugene Howard of the Folies de Paris





Cooling System

LISTENING to the radio is probably the best indoor sport on a warm evening. But getting to sleep may be difficult. Before you retire, eat a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream. A crisp, cool and satisfying cereal that helps you to sleep serenely through the night. Sold by all grocers.

You'll enjoy these programs:

HOLLYWOOD TALENT PARADE

Starring Ben Alexander—on the Mountain and Pacific Coast N. B. C. Red Network Thursday nights.

KELLOGG'S SINGING LADY

Every day except Saturday and Sunday—5:30 to 5:45 over the N. B. C. Basic Blue Network.

Nothing takes the place of

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

NEW!

Chaste

DEODORANT

CREAM or POWDER

APPLIED IN A JIFFY—LASTS ALL DAY

More Effective for Every Body Odor

Good Housekeeping Bureau

Chaste instantly destroys perspiration odors. Any deodorant must be used freely to effectively kill body odors, therefore the larger quantity you get for your money makes Chaste the most economical . . . Does not clog pores nor stop perspiration. Odorless, invisible, greaseless, harmless to the most delicate skin and fabric.

Only 10c

AT 5c & 10c STORES EVERYWHERE

Patti's Been Through the Mill

(*Continued from page 49*)

girls' club and set out to place herself in a field where she already knew she was competent. It meant a long wait perhaps, but she had come prepared for it.

The fourth month she secured a position as assistant to a prominent dental surgeon. Thus, on a paying basis, Patti established herself in New York.

The second smart thing she did was not to rush into the business of getting on the air before she was ready for it. She realized that she must learn a lot before she'd be prepared to buck radio. She must acclimate herself to a great city, learn the things about city ways and city people that every small town girl has to learn. She must make helpful social and business contacts, study and take vocal lessons, see the best shows and hear the best singing stars and attend broadcasts and learn all she could about radio.

To give herself the opportunity to learn all those things she concentrated on *making good at the job she already had,* and did the other things in her spare time. Inside of eighteen months her employer was paying her fifty dollars a week. And *she banked twenty-five of it, regularly.*

By the time Patti had lived in New York three years she had given herself as fine a groundwork for radio as any ambitious girl could provide unaided. Paying an expensive rental for the use of a practise room with piano at night. Taking voice lessons, coaching herself long hours.

You ought to hear Patti tell about those years—going to parties she didn't particularly want to go to, just because she *might* meet some important somebody there who would hear her sing (it's happened so many times in story books) and help her get on the air, or introduce her to somebody in the radio industry, or advise her expertly. She made a lot of friends, read radio trade publications, attended all the broadcasts she could get tickets to.

At home she listened to her radio, studying, as a musician studies, what the other girl singers on the air were doing with their voices. The top vocalists, she discovered, had individual styles of singing that set them apart from the rest, made them really outstanding. Patti formed and developed her own unique style.

By the time she had lived in New York three years she had a pretty intelligent idea of what she was going to be up against when she struck out for stardom. Too, she'd saved fifteen hundred dollars so she wouldn't have to have a paying radio job right away. Then she gave up her position and began the concentrated fight to achieve her ambition.

Most newcomers aim for the networks within twenty-four hours after they hit town. Patti had learned better than to ruin her chances that way. She was aware that you can have a voice like a prima donna but if you don't know how to send it into a microphone you may as well howl like a screech-owl for all the good it'll do you. Fifty per cent. of the success of any audition depends on a passable knowledge of microphone technique. And the only way to acquire that is through actual experience.

So she took her talents to a small independent New York station, whose program director was not such an aloof executive that a stranger couldn't get in to see him. She offered to sing without pay; in fact, if they'd only let her broadcast—you see, she knew a few things about the finances of small stations—she wouldn't cost the station even the charge of an accompanist's fee, because she could play her own accompaniments. The program director liked her voice and was willing to take a little time out to train her in return for her services, three early morning fifteen-minute programs a week. After six months of broadcasting under his tutelage and working with the helpful guidance of the control-room engineers, she had acquired a fair amount of mike technique and a lot of poise. She felt that now she was ready to take another step, this time with a salary attached.

WOR was her next goal and she didn't just walk in cold over there because she'd learned how much better your chances are if you have an entree at a station. She waited until she found among her small circle of radio acquaintances a friend who could take her to meet the proper official at *WOR.* She met him and put on such a smooth, professional audition—she was so *ready* in every way to take a step up the ladder—that she just couldn't miss. Pretty soon she was a salaried artist on the station's staff, singing twice weekly.

WOR is a great proving ground for stars. Many a youngster has jumped from its studios to coast-to-coast fame on the two major networks, many a youngster has seen that fame quickly smash about his head because he came into it before he was fully prepared to deal with all it entails. Patti saw a few of those pathetic cases at close range while she was singing on the station. She determined that when she made her jump she'd have an adequate training to carry her over. So she stuck to her job for a year before she even attempted a big-time break.

And finally—feeling ready for anything that could come—she put forth her last burst of effort.

"I did *everything,*" she told me the other day, "absolutely everything anybody could do to get a break. I entered all sorts of contests, I sang at benefits and charity entertainments, I made the rounds of the advertising agencies that produce radio shows and sat for hours waiting to see the producers and trying to get auditions. I followed up every opportunity I heard of, I answered advertisements. If they'd had amateur programs then I'd have performed on every one in town! In 1934, full of hope, I entered the *Hollywood Hotel* contest for a girl to sing opposite Dick Powell, but I didn't even get to first base."

Apparently, though, Patti didn't let it discourage her. Of the winner and the three runners-up in that nation-wide contest, she is the only one on the air today in a featured capacity.

She worked a neat trick in getting important executives to hear her voice with-

out putting themselves and their staff of assistants to the trouble of setting up for a regular audition. On every New York radio official's desk there is a small panel with a dial reading *Red—Blue—WABC—WOR,* on it, and a loudspeaker attached. Patti would call on these executives once, state her case briefly and ask them to tune her in on *WOR* at a certain time. They appreciated the fact that she wasn't the pest so many radio aspirants make of themselves; her request, requiring the mere flick of a finger, was so little bother they usually complied.

And at last Patti got an offer from *CBS.* She went on the air on a sustaining basis. Four weeks later she auditioned for the Jack Pearl show and got the assignment over some Big Name singers, and since then her career has been a series of spots on important commercials with a lot of guest-starring thrown in and with all sorts of bright prospects for the future, including a few serious nibbles from the studios of Hollywood.

If you ask her how she's holding on to the success she already has, she'll tell you a number of very enlightening things. To stay on the air these days a youngster has got to be able to do a *lot* of things besides just sing!

Being a rising star isn't exactly the luxurious life you'd think. During her two years in big-time Patti hasn't had a single vacation—not because there haven't been weeks between contracts when she was free to go away, but because she is not yet so firmly entrenched on the networks that she can afford to leave town for more than a couple of days at a time. Some important opportunity might turn up that she would miss and only very big stars are waited for until they choose to come back from Bermuda or Miami or the home town. Patti sticks close to base and keeps herself available in case she's wanted.

Another factor in holding her success is the fact that she's not just a vocalist but *a practical musician as well.* Insignificant as that may seem, lack of practical musical ability is the reason many a youngster star has fallen by the proverbial wayside. A singer who can only sing has to pay fancy prices to prominent arrangers in order to get good arrangements of her songs—on the networks you can't just sing the chorus the way it's written on the sheet music. You have to pay fancy prices to a good accompanist for the necessary hours of daily rehearsal. If you don't know music in its relation to your own ability, you can easily be persuaded by publishers plugging their wares to sing numbers that aren't the best vehicles for your voice—and a poor performance will be the inevitable result.

"I never sing a song on the air just because I like it," Patti told me. "I won't sing a song that I think has inferior or meaningless lyrics, no matter how pretty the tune is. Before I do a number on one of my programs, I've worked over it for hours and days until I'm sure it gives my voice scope for everything it can do. Then I make my own arrangement, put all the originality I have into it."

Patti not only works lengthy, irregular and lunch-less hours but she rehearses regularly four hours every day at home. Her ability to play the piano has come in handy at so many crises, she says, that she couldn't possibly estimate the tremendous factor it has been in bringing about her success. She has developed another small but important quality, too—she had her speaking voice trained. The songstress who can handle lines effectively gets a lot of jobs over the one for whom a speaking double must be employed. Patti knows all those tricks; she's had to learn them to survive in a very competitive business.

Patti's been through the mill on her own. She can take care of herself in an industry where success is largely the survival of the smartest instead of the survival of the most talented.

By this time you've doubtless pictured the singing Chapin as all work and self-denial and brains—perhaps, a dull number. Let me show you another side.

She's so much fun, such a clown and a crazy, that even the people who know her best have moments when they doubt the residence of a single brain in her head. Her high spiked heels never stay still a second, she gesticulates all over the place when she talks, she walks down the street singing to herself and has no idea why people are staring, she's as giddy and gay as a dizzy blonde—without the dizz and the platinum rinse.

Then she'll suddenly drop all that and say to you very seriously and quietly: "The good Lord has been kind to me. Really, that's all I can say for myself. So many young people work as hard as I did and still can't get anywhere . . ."

And the gal's good-looking! Publicity, for some reason, usually has credited her with being a redhead but her hair is nature's own cross between auburn, blonde and just plain brown; she brushes it straight back off her face and it tumbles to her shoulders in waves and ringlets, very careless and very cute. She blinks the most amazing pair of freckled eyelids Atlantic City's beach has ever produced. She has the kind of figure sweaters and strictly tailored suits were meant for but very seldom find.

Patti always has been one of the most dated, fêted and gardenia'd of the songstresses on the air. But she won't be very much longer. Most of these nights she's staying home in her small apartment on quietly swank Mitchell Place (where she lives alone and does her own cooking) fringing the edges of cherry-colored napkins and sewing yards and yards of lace on white chiffon. The reason is that she met a handsome young Hartford doctor a few months ago and pretty soon she's going up to help him administer adult medicine and pediatrics to the citizens of Connecticut. She'll keep on with her radio work *via* a commutation ticket.

In the meantime her fiancé drives down every Friday in time for her *Follies* broadcast and stays over the week-end and you don't see hide nor hair of Patti at any of the usual places on Sunday. They've been taking the Bicycle Train to the Poconos and wheeling around in the mountains all day and, from her enthusiasm for it, I'm fully expecting to see her in the line-up at the next Six-Day Bike Race at Madison Square Garden! Patti got into radio and Patti's holding on, and I think if she wanted to do it she could get into the Bike Race and wind up with the blue ribbon, or the yellow one, anyway, flying from her handlebars.

YOUR OWN GARDEN

could grow no better vegetables for

YOU and YOUR BABY

Only if you had your soil specially tested and selected—only if you had your seeds pedigreed to order—only if you had the care of your garden under trained agriculturists—could you possibly grow vegetables as good as the Gerber *Home Grown* specimens raised so painstakingly just *for* you and your baby!

And producing such fine ones is not enough: They are harvested just when sun-ripeness makes food values highest, then rushed to our spic-and-span kitchens, lest precious vitamins be lost. After careful selecting and cleaning they are steam-cooked scientifically, in closed systems, under temperatures kept just-so, all to protect the mineral salts (and again the vitamins) right to the moment *you* open the cans for your baby!

Specially Shaker-Cooked, Too

As you stir food you're heating, we have these foods *shaken* during the cooking process . . . so heating is even, while the foods cook faster. Judge for yourself, too, whether they don't look and taste *fresher!*

Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP. ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.

8 inch doll

Gurgles of Glee Will Greet This Doll!

Your baby will love this Gerber Doll! Soft sateen, stuffed; sanitary, safe. Only 10c and 3 Gerber labels. State blue for boy or pink for girl.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN

(In Canada: *Grown and Packed by* Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.) 108

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

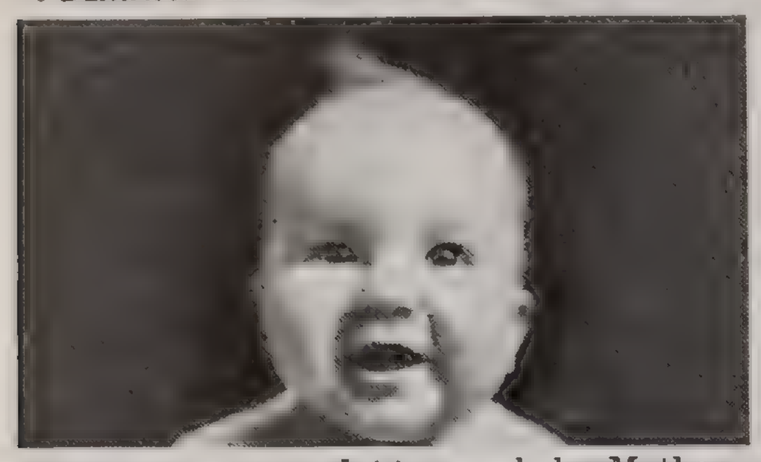
CITY.....STATE.....

AGE OF BABY.....BOY.....GIRL.....

"Mealtime Psychology", a booklet on infant feeding, sent free on request. "Baby Book", on general infant care, 10c additional

Baby Talk!

"I DEMAND AN OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER!"



COMFORT means a lot to your baby, Mother, and he'll be a happier and cooler baby with Z.B.T. Baby Powder. For the olive oil content, unique with Z.B.T., makes it cling longer and *resist moisture better*. Gentle to tender, touchy skins, its superior "slip" prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. Baby Powder is approved by Good Housekeeping *and your baby*. Large 25c and 50c sizes.

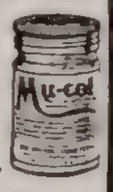
Z.B.T.

OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

DON'T MISS
the Special Offer by
THE RADIO HOSTESS
in This Issue

Mu-col FOR SUNBURN

Once you've used the MU-COL Sunburn treatment you'll never be satisfied with any other. Its cooling, soothing relief is quick, and due to its healing qualities will prevent blistering if applied promptly. MU-COL is a hygienic powder recommended by physicians. It has many uses—for all mucous surfaces, as a general mouthwash to banish fetid breath, for nose and throat, for the scalp, for feminine hygiene. Directions in the package. In powder form, quickly soluble, it is handy for traveling. At all drug stores and counters. Trial size, making 3 qts. MU-COL Solution only 10c with coupon below.



THE MU-COL CO., Dept. MG-86, Buffalo, N. Y.
Send MU-COL sample and Free Booklet. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.
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Good Housekeeping Bureau

Dermalab, Inc., Winnetka, Ill.

Gathering the Guest Stars

(*Continued from page 17*)

the personality of Rudy Vallee, the hour's star.

However, the point that clinched the deal was that the program was broadcast from Toronto one week. A member of the Canadian Radio Commission interceded and urged Dafoe to accept. The scouts heaved a sigh of relief as a contract was drawn up.

But the old bogey of commercialism again haunted Dafoe and he refused to sign the agreement. It seemed all right in spoken words, he indicated, but too commercial in writing. So, for probably the first time in the chain's career, a guest star went on a sponsored program with just a verbal contract.

One of the most fertile fields for guest stars of the headline type is sports.

Jack Dempsey is a sports figure constantly in demand. But the ex-heavyweight champion shuns the microphone. Jack is known to have turned down sizable radio fees and yet to have gone on friends' programs gratis. Network scouts who have dealt with Dempsey declare that he is mike-shy. It may seem odd that an ex-ruler of the fistic world should turn timid at the microphone. Friends declare that he dislikes the strange effect broadcasting has on his voice. He has been dismayed at the criticism that his utterances, as they flow out of a loudspeaker, are comparable to those of a male dress designer.

Boxing is heavily drawn upon for invitation performers. Seasonal batches of microphone material are selected from baseball, football, tennis, swimming and other sports divisions. Baseball is said to be the toughest segment of the athletic sphere to tackle. And it is all because of Schoolboy Rowe's guest spot on the Vallee Hour just before the 1934 World's Series!

That was the season Rowe was basking in the limelight as a new pitching sensation. He was getting considerable publicity for his mimic courtship with the ball just before each pitch. He cuddled the ball and spoke to it prior to the toss. But it was his radio enactment of the stunt that gave the St. Louis Cardinals choice material for catcalls from the dugout during the ensuing championship games. On the air, Rowe issued a challenge to the Cards with his talking-to-the-ball remark *"How'm I doin', Annie?"* That's the line with which the Cards later jeered him. Sports observers believe that the epidemic of verbal brickbats tossed at players from opposition dugouts during the 1935 World's Series was still a take-off on the "How'm I doin', Annie?" radio incident.

Hence, ball players grew wary of the mike and much strategy had to be employed to lure other kings of the diamond to the studios.

Not long ago the great Dizzy Dean signed for a guest spot on the Shell Chateau program. But his name on the dotted line was just the start of the network executives' worries. Getting him to the studio on time was a problem. Appointments meant nothing to Diz. The star pitcher was late at program conferences and rehearsals and there was every reason to believe that he would stroll in late for his broadcast. But he fooled everyone by being prompt.

Names in government and politics always are in demand. The outstanding personalities under this classification, though, are difficult to obtain at times other than campaign periods—when many of them need no coaxing.

Alfred E. Smith repeatedly has spurned huge sums for appearances on commercial programs. He has been approached personally by leading sponsors but refused the offers on the grounds that he did not see his way clear to endorse any product.

Despite his sincerity in adhering to his viewpoint, the former Governor of New York consented to appear on the *CBS* program sponsored by *E. R. Squibb & Sons.* The exception was made in view of the peace campaign conducted on the series by *World Peaceways*—a non-profit organization dedicated to ending war. And besides Smith, the series boasted of such commercially elusive headline names as Ruth Bryan Owen, Minister to Denmark; Attorney General Homer S. Cummings and Senators William E. Borah and Gerald P. Nye.

During New York's last mayoralty campaign, the *Fleischmann Hour* thought it would be of national interest to include a three-cornered debate by the leading candidates—Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Joseph V. McKee and Mayor John P. O'Brien. All three agreed to the idea but McKee failed to show up. LaGuardia was quite willing to apply yeast to rise to the City Hall throne. And O'Brien, the incumbent seeking reëlection, was happy to go on a program that didn't cost Tammany money.

The production men had many breathless moments wondering whether this unusual pair of guest stars would be difficult to handle. O'Brien and LaGuardia appeared on the broadcast stage at the same moment. Like prizefighters awaiting the sound of the bell, each went to a far corner. The candidates were allotted four minutes apiece to deliver their arguments from agency-approved scripts. The usually fiery LaGuardia complied to the letter, but Mayor O'Brien discarded his script in the fervor of delivery and ad libbed way past his scheduled time. It took a lot of quick thinking on the part of studio production men to get the rest of the hour running smoothly due to necessary retiming of the remainder of the continuity. The program staff later boasted that LaGuardia won the election because he obeyed the studio rules.

Authors of note are constantly sought as guest speakers. Ship news columns are scanned for arriving literary celebrities.

It was not until 10 o'clock one recent Thursday morning that James Hilton, author of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* was signed for an appearance on the Vallee Hour of the same day. He hastened to the advertising agency and surprised the program's production men by supplying his own script. A rehearsal with Rudy had to be held at noon, inasmuch as Hilton's previous en-

gagements prevented his attending the regular tryout period.

NBC and *CBS* have representatives in Europe to flash New York headquarters immediately on the departure of distinguished visitors to these shores. *CBS* has Cesare Saerchinger in London while *NBC* has Frederick Bate in the same city and a second European agent, Max Jordan, in Switzerland. And they frequently dash about the continent in quest of celebrities for relayed programs as well as to sign them to commercial spots effective upon their respective arrivals in New York.

The *Fleischmann Hour,* upon receiving a flash from London that H. G. Wells was making a new American visit, immediately cabled the eminent British author a flattering microphone offer. But Wells refused to go on a commercial program.

Kate Smith ranks as one of the leading baiters of guest stars. Abetted by her manager, Ted Collins, and a group of press agents, she is on the constant lookout for newsy personalities to appear on her *CBS* offerings. And Kate's methods of approach have to be different because she doesn't pay her invitation performers. With the competition of fees ranging from $500 to $1,000 for single appearances on the *Fleischmann, Shell* and *Kraft* Hours, Kate must use tact in lieu of cash in attracting names from the headlines.

Her manager feels that the Kate Smith name carries so much glamour that anyone should be flattered to appear on her program, the monetary angle being secondary.

It seems that Kate has a soft spot in her heart for champions as guest performers. It doesn't matter what domain they rule over as long as they are the best in their respective realms. She has featured such names as James Braddock, heavyweight boxing champ, Charles Jacobson, puzzle champ, Danno Mahoney, wrestling champ, and Sepple Popfinger, stowaway champ.

The only person who hesitated to go on Kate's series without compensation was Abraham Starrs, an East Side blacksmith who was suddenly catapulted into the headlines as heir of some $6,000,000. The smith, unawed by news of his legacy, refused to take leave of his anvil for the broadcast until Kate agreed to pay his expenses of $15 for his short trip uptown.

Occasionally several sponsors are after the same news personality simultaneously. Sometimes, to the loss of the guest star, he accepts the first offer to later discover that more lucrative results might have been obtained from another sponsor. It is rare that a second program would still pursue a celebrity after the latter had accepted another radio offer. Getting the name first is what counts.

Strangely, some of the biggest names in the news are not difficult to deal with. The First Lady, for example, is in occasional demand by sponsors. There is no special procedure necessary to propose a series or single appearance to Mrs. Roosevelt. The suggestion is merely passed on through her secretary and it is either accepted or turned down.

It is apparent from the manner in which headline names are drafted for guest spots that sponsors take quite literally the old maxim that all the world's a stage. All they desire is that the backdrop of that stage should cry their wares.

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(*Signed*) S. L.

(*Hollybourne Kennels, S. L. Froelich, 500 8th Ave., New York City*)

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Long Live the King!

(*Continued from page 45*)

girl. I was keen about her, but she married my brother!" He laughed, with no bitterness for the youthful disappointment. "She heard me play and got me a chance with a local orchestra. I couldn't play well, of course, but I could play loud! In that day of hot jazz, that seemed to be all that was necessary!"

Somehow, by grit and hard work, the boy, who worked when he could and studied the rest of the time, put himself through High School. But he wanted more than that and succeeded in giving himself two years at Valparaiso (Indiana) University.

"I waited on table and played in bands at night—and even managed to find time for football and basketball!" He laughed again. "You know, later on, I played professional football but that career was ended when I broke my arm."

Fortunately it was his left arm and it healed properly—Destiny's child did not know then how important that was!

But there was a restlessness that drove him on and presently he made his way to Chicago, in search of something to help him toward that goal he had dreamed of so long—success, financial security—he never meant to go hungry again!

"But still I did not know exactly what I wanted. I was just feeling my way along. I got a room at the *Y. M. C. A.* and went out looking for a job, any job! At first, it was odd jobs here and there, with an orchestra job now and then. But finally I got a position with the Aetna Life Insurance Company—funny how I got it, too! I went into the Insurance Exchange Building, started on the 21st floor and worked my way down, determined to find something, I didn't care what. The Aetna was on the sixth floor and I got a job there as clerk."

He had studied accountancy in college and soon found himself cashier and later a broker. He always has been conservative, careful in his own investments, knowing too well the value of money to take foolish chances.

"Perhaps it is my Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry," he smiled. "But rather, I think, it is a too vivid memory of what it means to go hungry."

Not that he need ever think of it again, but a memory like that persists in spite of a man.

But with a good job and a future not to be despised, he was still dissatisfied. Music was coming to mean more and more to him.

With some of the first money saved, he bought a saxophone and a book of instructions, determined to learn something about what he was trying to do.

"People are always asking me how I get that peculiar floating sound with my saxophone," his eyes twinkled. "They say necessity is the mother of invention. I lived in a *Y. M. C. A.*—and I had to practice nights, on a saxophone! I could think of only one thing to do, and that was to wrap pillows around my precious instrument. I did that, faithfully practising the fingering without hearing a sound! That's my only explanation of the 'floating' tones!"

Whatever the explanation, no one has been able to imitate Wayne King's tones and his saxophone playing is something to write home about. A person might well ridicule the suggestion of playing *Liebestraum* on a saxophone—but not one who has ever heard Wayne King play it! It is something to bring tears to your eyes... There is nothing, apparently, that he can't play and play in a way to bewitch you completely, on this instrument of his. And it is perhaps because he understands so well the effect of music on people that his own playing is so profoundly moving.

"I choose my music with a view to the emotional response of my audience," he explained. "If I am playing for dances, I play fast music—music that makes their feet eager to step out—and intersperse a few waltzes.

"People have got so they expect a lot of waltzes from me, but three or four are enough on an evening's program—"

He had in mind his title of *America's Waltz King*—a grand title, and a well-earned one, for no one can play waltzes more divinely.

He has very decided ideas about his radio music also and, as the program is entirely in his hands, you can see that they are well justified. Formerly he did all his own arranging. Now, though the press of time has forced him to employ two helpers, he still supervises all the orchestrating. He has a splendid musical library to draw from, but unfortunately, under the present Ascap restrictions, forty-five percent of his library is useless.

"It is a great pity," he said feelingly. "Radio was just beginning to revive Victor Herbert and Gilbert and Sullivan, for example—and was renewing, stimulating interest in these pieces. Music that is not kept in the public eye and ear inevitably will die, and it is a great mistake to bar these beautiful things."

As to his own unique program, he explained it simply: "I like to think of the people I am playing to as home-loving people—people who appreciate what they have, their home, their family life, and like to sit back and enjoy it. I want to play to them the sort of music that will make them feel relaxed, contented—give them a dreamy half hour in their favorite arm chair. If that isn't what they want, they will get up and go out, but the people I am playing to will be satisfied just to listen to the music for the music's sake."

That that is exactly what a lot of people want is evidenced by his heavy fan mail—he has had as many as 20,000 letters after a single broadcast!

He also has very definite ideas on American music—on American anything, for that matter. He is forceful on the subject of *Buy America First.* His clothes are American-made—he dresses conservatively, in loose but well-made suits, omitting the vest if the suit is double-breasted. His shirts, specially made, are loose at the collar and usually white, occasionally blue or gray.

But to get back to our music, he is

thoroughly sold on American music and believes that even European musicians are beginning to realize its value.

"American songs have deep sympathetic appeal, they have true emotion, wide range—and, believe me, our American band musicians have the technique necessary to bring out the tone, the inflection, the sheer beauty of these pieces."

Certainly Wayne King has, and if you can hear him play *I Love You Truly,* without a mist in your eyes—well, this story isn't for you!

But we've wandered away from our outline of his life to date. It was nine years ago that Mr. King definitely decided on music as his career. His business sense and training have served him well in the management of his affairs, but it is music that rules his life and in it he has found not only wealth and fame but a rich contentment. He could, if it were otherwise, retire today and know his beloved family always would be well cared for, on the fruits of his present success, but he has worked too hard and too long to quit now and rightly feels that he still has much to give to his audiences and to his music—particularly American music.

In 1927, after playing in several dance bands, Wayne King had his first big opportunity. At that time he took over the eleven-piece band of *The Aragon,* a popular Chicago ballroom. Nine of the eleven men with him then are with him still—his present band numbers thirteen.

It is five years since he began his *Lady Esther* broadcasts. At that time, the *Lady Esther Company* was starting out on the proverbial shoestring. Today, with the aid of Wayne King's music, they are a million-dollar concern.

Today he enjoys the unique distinction of playing over the three major networks: on the *Mutual network,* Sunday evenings from 6:30—7:00 E.S.T.; over *Columbia,* on a coast-to-coast hook-up every Monday night from 10:00—10:30, E.S.T., and on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, over the *National Broadcasting Company,* also on a coast-to-coast network, from 8:30—9:00 p. m., E.S.T. A half hour of dreamy music, a serenade for you and me, with perhaps a fast number or two, a saxophone solo played in Wayne's inimitable style, or maybe a vocal solo in his pleasant baritone. Other members of the band sing occasionally, and well, but it is for Wayne we listen eagerly!

He reminds you inevitably of Bing Crosby, in looks, in manner and in voice—and, as it happens, Bing is one of his best friends. Right now he is practising hard at his golf—and he is an excellent player—in anticipation of a game with Bing.

"I've neglected my game the last year or so and if I don't look out, he'll be taking my money away from me!"

And here Wayne reveals one of those idiosyncracies which to me only make him the more lovably human. For he is dead set against gambling, believes it utterly wrong. But somehow the money won or lost at golf isn't gambling—it's just a part of the game!

As to Hollywood, he shakes his head.

"Paramount has offered me a contract—they want to make a picture called *'The Waltz King'."* (Wayne's lawyer wisely copyrighted that title.) He looked at me dubiously. "But I don't know—I'll make the tests, but somehow I can't see myself as a movie actor!"

But I think he is wrong—I hope he is!

And of course he has a further tie with the movies, for his lovely wife is the former Dorothy Janis, who used to be a well-known movie star—she played with Ramon Novarro in *The Pagan,* and in many other films. But her career was relinquished gladly. No rôle appealed to her so much as that of Mrs. Wayne King—and mother of Penny and little Wayne.

The Kings have a gorgeous apartment at the exclusive Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago and they also have a 300-acre farm at Lakewood, Wisconsin, which Wayne bought for a summer home for his little family. As an instance of his business acumen, let us note in passing that the farm pays for itself!

And if it seems far for a week-end trip, remember that Wayne is, among other things, a licensed pilot and owns his own plane.

He keeps in grand condition with his handball, tennis and golf, which have replaced the basketball, football and baseball of his boyhood. All this, mind you, in addition to his four programs, the necessary rehearsals and the writing of such songs as his theme song, *The Waltz You Saved for Me,* and *Blue Hours, Baby Shoes,* and the famous *Goofus* number, among others. And still finds time to dream and to write articles, such as one on American music that he is working on now.

On a recent tour—his first, as a matter of fact—he made vaudeville appearances in Cleveland, Detroit, Minneapolis, Boston, Washington and Baltimore. Courageously invading a new field, he defied tradition and clung to his own particular style, giving without comedy relief or dance act or any kind of showmanship the concert program so beloved of his radio fans. The tour was a tremendous success and Wayne got a great kick out of it, a particular thrill from meeting so many people, making so many new friends.

"I didn't realize what a rut I had got into—it did me a world of good. But I was scared to death at first," he admitted.

This summer, Wayne is signed for two months in New York, playing with his orchestra at the Waldorf Astoria through June and July. In August he will have a well-earned vacation, which he will certainly know how to appreciate.

Before that, he made little side trips to St. Louis and Texas and points between, to play at dances. I marvelled open-mouthed at the strength and energy of the man! Is he ever quiet, I wondered aloud.

He pulled on his pipe—one of a collection of two hundred, of which he is justifiably proud, and, incidentally, his usual substitute for a baton—and smiled.

"A quiet evening at home is my idea of bliss. We neither of us care for night-clubbing and I have little enough time to give to the children, as it is—cute little rascals," he added. "I'd like you to see them . . ."

I know they are cute and I know they are lucky. And after the tragically lonely, hungry years, it is good to think that their daddy is lucky, too—if you want to call it luck! And I hope he has many quiet, contented hours such as he gives us with his magic saxophone! Long may he play for us to waltz—and dream!

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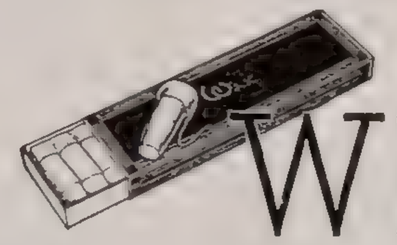

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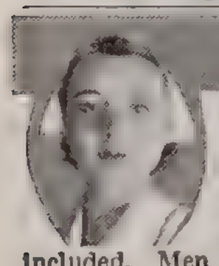
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The Devil's in Her Body

(*Continued from page 46*)

she lapses into French. She almost always is excited!

"I was one of six children," Rachel told me. "There were five girls and a boy, and I was next to the youngest child.

"I should have been born a boy," she confided. "I was a terrible tomboy."

The confession sounded slightly absurd! Rachel, with her auburn hair and her eyes that are sometimes gray, and sometimes green and sometimes blue, is more feminine than a frilly lace handkerchief.

Yet the devil was in her body, even when she was a child. She was more turbulent and unexpected than the wind. Though her mother and father treated her with the greatest indulgence imaginable, she was never satisfied.

"I wanted to be independent," she said. "I didn't know what I wanted!"

At ten she packed up all her clothes and decided to run away from home. Her parents, curious to see what she would do, watched her walk away for a block or two and then brought her home.

Long before she was ten, her life had taken on a colorful pattern. For she was very young indeed when the World War broke out, a child of three or four. Remember the stories of Belgium in war time? They were exaggerated, of course, but there was some truth in them. When the Germans invaded Belgium, Rachel's father was an officer in the Belgian artillery, and he fought heroically to save his country. Behind locked doors his wife and his children barricaded themselves. But it was useless. The Germans stormed those locked doors, found the fear-stricken group huddled together.

"Though I was so very young, I'll never forget the horror of that moment," Rachel told me. "I can still remember the Germans coming in, covered with mud and dirt, looking like nothing human. We didn't know just what our fate would be, of course. But we fared more luckily than some. We were transported to Holland and kept there in a sort of concentration camp. And there we were not badly treated at all. We had the same food to eat that the Hollanders themselves ate.

"As for my father, he was watching a fort in Antwerp when the Germans got in, and he fought against three members of the German Battalion of Death. The battalion was so named because it gave no quarter. Its members never took prisoners, but strove to kill instead, and for that reason each of them wore a death's head on his forehead. Luckily my father escaped with his life, though he was badly wounded by a bayonet. Later he was taken prisoner by some other Germans and interned in a prison camp in Holland, but not the same one in which we were kept."

Before the war, Rachel's father had been a fairly prosperous lace manufacturer. Naturally, with the coming of the war, all that was swept away.

When the war was over, they all returned to their native Belgium, to the home that had once been theirs. But it was wrecked beyond recognition. There were no beds in the house. The furnishings had been ruined. The piano was gone.

Slowly they began to rebuild their shattered fortune. Once again Rachael's father began to manufacture lace. And his wife who was very expert at lace making helped him.

Rachel began going to school in Brussels. And in school, as at home, she earned the reputation of being an *"enfant terrible."*

Certainly her teachers should have hated her. But strangely enough, they didn't. There was something absolutely disarming about her. And already her teachers had discovered that she had a voice. In spite of the fact that she was always up to mischief, she was frequently invited to sing at the teachers' teas. And they found it rather hard to punish this girl with the beautiful voice.

At fourteen she was admitted to the Conservatory of Brussels. This was most irregular, as usually they admitted no one under sixteen, but they decided to make an exception for Rachel.

Had Rachel's mother lived, it is doubtful if she would have permitted Rachel to take up singing as a career. For to a person of her conservative European viewpoint there was something slightly immoral about the theatre. But Rachel's mother died when she was about fourteen. And Rachel was a little too much for her father to handle.

She was almost a little too much for her professors, too. As soon as their backs were turned, she would get up on the piano and dance, to the amusement of the other pupils. Already, in her imagination, she was seeing herself as a prima donna and she was perfectly willing to act the part. When the professors returned and saw her there on the piano they were furious. She was expelled from school for eight days. When she returned to school she was told that she must behave, but it did not take long to get into mischief again.

Yet she graduated from the conservatory with honors. When she graduated, she was the first soprano chosen from a class of twenty-five.

You didn't know she was a soprano? She isn't today. She has transformed herself into a contralto. But her voice originally was a high soprano.

Without much difficulty, she got a chance singing in operas in the Royal Theatre in Brussels. In the summer she sang at the Kursaal Ostende in Belgium. That's a place something like the Casino of Monte Carlo, a summer resort where the wealthy come to listen to music, to gamble, and to have a grand time. There the King and Queen of Belgium had a private villa. Twice Rachel sang for them. Once she sang *Carmen,* which she learned in twenty-four hours when another girl who was supposed to sing the rôle became ill.

It looked as if Rachel would be an opera singer for the rest of her life. She seemed to be headed for the top of her profession. But there was about her a certain gaiety, a kind of zest that one doesn't usually associate with buxom ladies of the opera. Operettas seemed more Rachel's style, and so she went from operas to operettas. She was successful in those, too. For about

a year she appeared in operettas and then left for Paris, where she succeeded in persuading the director of the *Folies Bergère* that he needed her as his prima donna.

"In America," said Rachel, "so many people think of it as burlesque. But the French people look upon it differently. When the girls appear nude, they think of it not as burlesque, but as art. However, I did not appear like that. Oh, no, no! For when you get to be a prima donna you wear whatever clothes you wish. I was fully dressed."

And while she was singing, Earl Carroll, who was visiting the *Folies Bergère,* heard her. He was enchanted. Such pep, such vivacity this singer had! He must get her to America for his *Vanities.*

When he came to see her, Rachel couldn't speak a word of English. But Earl Carroll could speak French. And the six weeks' contract he offered her spoke volumes. So Rachael came to the United States, prepared to be a hit in the *Vanities.*

But English came slowly to her. And now when Earl Carroll heard her sing in English, he grew doubtful. Would America really care for this girl who was a high soprano? In France, in the setting of the *Folies Bergère,* she had seemed delightful. Now he was not sure.

He had to pay Rachel, of course, for the six weeks. But he decided not to use her for his *Vanities.*

It was the first real setback she had ever received in her life. Having pictured herself as a great hit in America, it was a blow to realize that she wasn't even going to have the opportunity of which she had been so sure. Her first impulse was to take the next boat back to France, where they appreciated her.

"But I was crazee about America," she told me. "It is so modern, so alive. So I made up my mind I would stay, come what would. I would get work here, somehow or other."

And she did. She got a few engagements here and there on the strength of the fact that she had just come from the *Folies Bergère.* You can easily imagine the billing she got: "Colette Carlay (that was the name she used then) direct from the *Folies Bergère* of Paris."

Rachel soon discovered that America had little use for a girl with a high soprano voice. So long as she was a soprano, she would have a tough struggle to get anywhere. Blues singers were the rage everywhere. And you can't sing *"I've got a right to sing the blues,"* in a soprano voice!

So what could she do? To Rachel there was just one answer. She'd have to change herself into a contralto.

It isn't easy, when the cords in your throat are naturally high soprano cords, to change your voice completely. For hours at a time Rachel practised. The days slipped into weeks, the weeks into months, and still she wasn't satisfied. She realized that as a contralto she needed still more practise.

What made matters worse was that she suddenly began having trouble with her throat. She caught cold easily, and a singer can't afford to have that kind of trouble. In a panic she went to see a doctor.

"Miss Carlay," he told her, "in trying to change your voice from a soprano to contralto, you are doing something which may ruin your voice forever. No wonder you are having trouble with your throat."

Rachel Carlay shrugged her shoulders. "I have started to change my voice," she said, "and I must go through with it. If I am taking a chance, that is all right, too. I will just have to go right on taking that chance."

For over a year she practised singing contralto in the privacy of her own home.

But the time came when she was well rewarded for it. An executive of an important advertising agency heard her sing at an audition. And promptly engaged her for the Rudy Vallee hour.

The note she sent out to the critics was at once naïve and touching. *"Je serai tres honoree si vous puissez m'ecouter et me donner votre tres precieux jugement."* In other words, she was asking them to listen to her and give her their precious criticisms. They turned out to be just as precious as she had hoped. The critics said she sang like a thrush. J. J. Shubert wired her,

"I enjoyed you best of all on the program."

The next step in her radio career came by accident. While she was standing in a studio talking to some friends, Bob Goldstein, Maestro Abe Lyman's agent, walked in. Someone in the studio said to him: "Bob, there's a French girl here whom you ought to hear. She really sings beautifully." And with that he introduced Rachel Carlay.

French or not, she did sing beautifully. As Bob Goldstein at once admitted. He took her to several sponsors and shortly afterwards she appeared on Everett Marshall's program, the *Broadway Varieties.* A sustaining program at *NBC* followed. A year ago she was signed to appear on the *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round,* where she has been ever since.

When people who heard her sing in Belgium and Paris hear her now, they are utterly flabbergasted. Her voice is so totally different now that they can hardly believe that is the same person they are listening to.

Rachel makes no bones about admitting that she is proud of her success in the United States. For there are many girls who are successful in France who never get to first base here.

She lives quietly and simply in an apartment on West 57th Street in New York. She is not married, but she admits that there is one very special person in her life, a man whom she knew and loved even before she came to the United States.

"But I am not sure that I ought to marry now," she says. "I do not think marriage and a career go together so well."

"Oh, you can't tell," I argued. "Why, you might be married and you might do even better in your work. You never know."

"That is just it. You never know," she chuckled, "and because one does not know, I will not take a chance."

The facts of life about her are that she adores spaghetti, likes white evening gowns, dunks her rolls in her coffee, sleeps without pillows, hates boxing and loves horseback riding better than all other sports. Her favorite song is *Parlez moi d'Amour.* In English that means *Speak to me of love!*

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ENLARGED PORES

"I used to have a terrible complexion. Not only did I have wrinkles, but my skin was covered with blackheads and enlarged pores. Everything I tried seemed to do no good . . . then on a friend's advice I used HOLLYWOOD MASK. In just a few days my skin began to show miraculous signs of improvement. In a week every blackhead and enlarged pore disappeared. What a transformation! My skin was clear, soft and smooth. HOLLYWOOD MASK sinks down in the pores and removes deep-seated dirt which soap and water can never touch. Every woman who takes proper care of her skin can obtain a fresh, clear, lovely complexion of which she may be proud."

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Don't Miss Reading
this month's fashion hints
AIR-CONDITIONED SMARTNESS
(On Page 14 of this issue)

Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
Frontier Asthma Co., 266-A Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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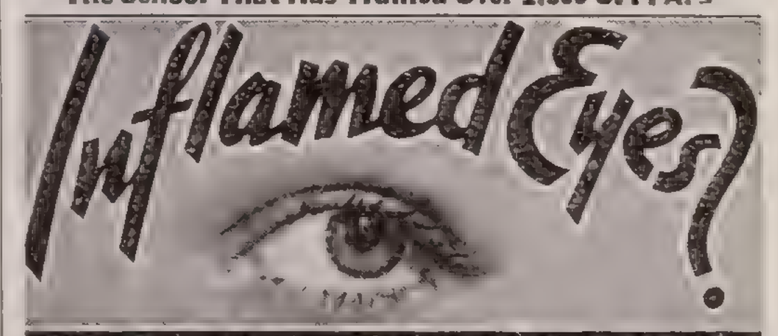

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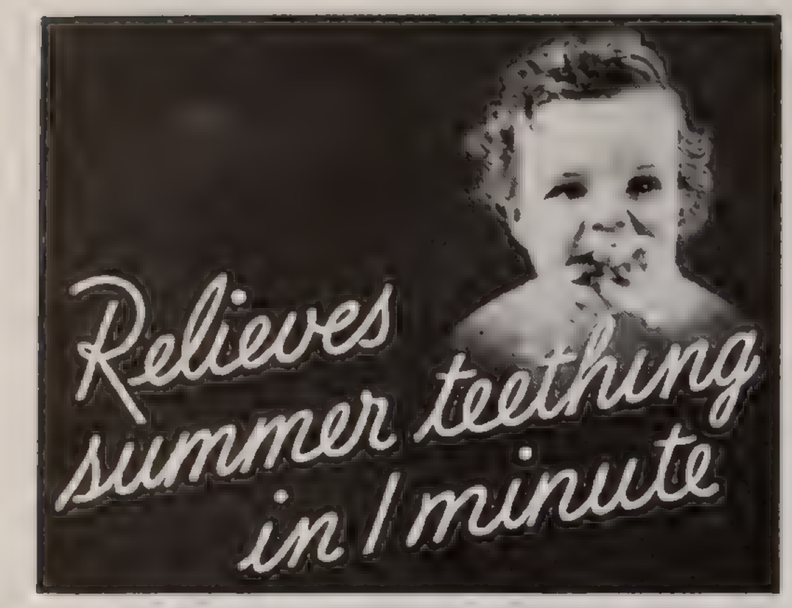

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Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

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—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

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Kills Them Off and Keeps Them Off

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

Exit Radio's Playboy

(Continued from page 41)

it would affect your fans? You, who have been known as the romantic bachelor of radio?" I couldn't resist teasing him. Also, I thought of the girls of this country whose hearts beat a little faster when they hear the Parker voice, knowing he is free, white and handsome.

But this was no idle jest to Frank. He answered seriously:

"Perhaps a few would be affected, but I think it would not really change my audience. After all, marriage has not hurt the following of Bing Crosby, who has never been bigger than he is right now. It hasn't affected Lanny Ross, James Melton. I guess Nino Martini and I are about the only bachelors left." His tone was a little wistful. His eyes had that far away look—as if he were picturing a home with a wife waiting for him.

"You see," he said coming back from his reverie, "now I want to do something important in music—the concert stage, the Metropolitan. It's funny how I've changed." He laughed but he seemed just a bit sad at the thought of deserting his heretofore carefree life. "I always wanted to play. I never worried about the future. But now that I know I have a voice . . . That sounds egotistical. But a person has to be an egotist to succeed. You must believe in yourself. I never particularly thought about it before. I've always been lucky—but perhaps that luck won't last."

He insists upon calling it luck, but it has been hard work, too. As a boy he hadn't any money—he sold newspapers to pay for music lessons. True, he has had radio contracts for ten years but he has had to work for them, and with them.

"This past year is the first time I've had only one program a week. It has been fun, loafing. Maybe I'm just lazy. That is why this voice thing scares me. I have to go on. I can't stop now. And I think to myself, 'Frank, what have you let yourself in for?' It has changed around my whole idea of life. Even marriage . . . I was going to be a bachelor—not tied down by a wife. I just wanted to go along having a good time, not thinking, not caring about the future—except that I wanted financial security. And I was getting that.

"But now, I want more. I want to put my energy into something worth while. I want to do work in the movies, on the stage. I want to make a concert tour—if I can."

He is a modest person. He wants people to like him. He is earnest. For the first time he has dropped his brittle, wise-cracking exterior. Is there a girl in the background?

"No, I haven't met the right girl yet. What will she be like? As I told you, I don't know. Maybe she'll be a millionaire, a beautiful blonde!"

"What would you do then?" I asked.

He looked shocked. He seemed genuinely surprised that this remark might have been taken seriously.

"No, seriously, she'll probably be a girl like myself, who has played, who has worked, who will enjoy the things I enjoy and be able to understand me. The girl I marry would have to appreciate the fact that I suddenly find myself unable to stand still, marking time. It isn't that I am an artist—that I must go on for art's sake. It's just that I have realized that I have something in my throat which is big enough for me to count on—to insure my future. I am at a crossroads. I have three choices—one is business. I hate business. Two, I could marry a very wealthy girl and sit back, teaching and coaching in my spare time, playing the rest of the time. I haven't the patience or understanding to teach. Three, go into serious music, settle down and spend all my time in making something important of my natural talent. It really is quite a problem."

You who envy Frank Parker could feel a little sorry for him. He is like a very small boy who can't decide whether to have a piece of chocolate layer cake or ice cream. He knows that to turn to the higher life in music is for the sober-minded. And he hates to think of that. In fact, he hates to think of tomorrow.

"After all," he explains, "it does seem silly to spend time and energy making plans for the next year, for who knows where we shall be tomorrow! All I know now is that I must go on. I must work and I want to marry. It would be nice to live in the country, but that is something that will be impossible for a long time, for I must be in the city for my lessons, for my coaching, practicing. I just won't have time to spend in traveling back and forth to the suburbs."

He is setting a rigid life for himself. Will he miss his carefree life?

"I won't have time to miss it," he says seriously. "I shall be working so hard that I won't have time to spend in idle play. And the companionship of marriage would be ideal. It would give me stability, a down to earth, settled feeling."

How different from the boy who used to think that life was just an amusing game, here today, gone tomorrow. What a stranger he is to the man who wanted only to have financial independence, without worry, without responsibility.

Which is the real Frank Parker, I wondered aloud.

"Frankly, I don't know which is the real me," he said. "What am I? Who am I? I don't know!"

He is in a perplexed state of mind, his thinking is involved. He is in the midst of a decision—popular or classical music for a career? But of one thing he is certain. He is going to settle down, he is going to forget all his former ideas of relaxation. He wants to marry.

No doubt, this is good news to many, many girls. But I think Frank Parker is going to remain single for awhile. He is the type of man who is particular. And now that he is going to take life seriously, he will be careful to choose a bride who will fit into his scheme of things perfectly. Now, for the first time in his life, Frank Parker is making plans. He is dropping his boyhood and becoming a man.

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.

So Ashamed Of Her Skin!

Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

BERNICE G. RUETTINGH NOTARY PUBLIC COOK COUNTY, ILL.

Bernice G. Ruettingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

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What these pleasant yeast tablets have done for others they should do for you. Why don't you try them today? Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many common skin troubles. And you should *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.

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RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

ALLEN: Don't talk to me like that. My grandmother was frightened by a canoe.

PORTLAND: So what?

ALLEN: I'm easily upset.

(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

PHIL: Bottle, I've a good mind to call up the insane asylum and a stretcher.

BOTTLE: Why? Don't you think it'll fit you?

(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

WILSON: So you had the winner in the Derby, eh?

JACK: Yup.

WILSON: Well, that's fine. I hate to bring this up, but if you remember, I had half of your horse.

JACK: Gee, that's too bad, Don.

WILSON: What do you mean, too bad?

JACK: Well—you see, my half came in first.

(JACK BENNY and DON WILSON, Jello Program.)

WILLIE: Penelope's dad is a great guy. You know, Gene, I'll never forget the night I met him on top of a lamp post.

GENE: On top of a lamp post?

WILLIE: Yeah . . . he said he climbed up there to get away from four purple giraffes that were following him.

GENE: Four purple giraffes! Gosh, he must have been drunk.

WILLIE: Of course he was drunk! I only saw two!

(WILLIE and EUGENE HOWARD, Folies de Paree.)

STOREKEEPER: I gotta nephew living in New York.

MACK: You don't say? What business is he in?

STOREKEEPER: I imagine he's an electrician, 'cause he says he's just moved to the Battery to be near his work.

(PETE MACK'S Moosickers, NBC.)

HONEY CHILE: Mr. Hope . . . I've got a basket in each hand here; don't you think maybe you could carry one?

BOB: What! And get you all off-balance?

(BOB HOPE and HONEY CHILE, Atlantic Oil Program.)

GRAHAM: You look unusually prosperous tonight.

JOE: I am prosperous tonight, Graham . . . I'm like a raisin inside a cake.

GRAHAM: A raisin inside a cake? I get it—you're in the dough!

(JOE COOK, Vallee Varieties.)

VALLEE: Say, just because you're Eddie Cantor you can't expect them to give you jewelry on a plate.

EDDIE: Why not? Didn't Al Jolson get a beautiful Ruby out of a night club?

(RUDY VALLEE and EDDIE CANTOR, Vallee Varieties.)

PICK: I was up in Canada and I wanted to get to Mr. Dionne's house. So I disguised myself . . . and when he saw me, Mr. Dionne shot me.

PAT: Mr. Dionne shot you? What did you disguise yourself as?

PICK: A stork!

(PICK and PAT, One Night Stands.)

ELSIE: Mama said while she was away to be sure and sweep under the carpet.

CANTOR: Don't worry, Ermentrude . . . I sweep everything under the carpet.

ELSIE: Papa . . . what are you putting your hat and coat on for?

CANTOR: I got a pudding cooking on the stove . . . the recipe says as soon as it comes to a boil to beat it!

(Design for Listening, NBC.)

EMERSON: How old were you on your last birthday, Buster?

BUSTER: I don't know . . . I haven't had my last birthday yet.

(BUSTER KEATON, Shell Chateau.)

EDDIE (Galahad) GREEN:
Oh fair Elaine of Astolat
Here I come
You'll forget about Lancelot
Here I come
I'm Galahad, an' I never sins
I'm forty, an' that's when life begins
Forsooth, egad, gadzooks and zounds!
And fumadiddles!

(EDDIE GREEN, Vallee Varieties.)

PICK: Well . . . de night before you go in, a feller was scared so bad he ran out of de haunted house so fast dey crowned him world's champion runner.

PAT: He ran out of de house so fast dey crowned him world's champeen runner?

PICK: Yeah . . . Now—halfway up de stairs you sees a big skeleton an' what happens?

PAT: Make way for de new champeen!

(PICK and PAT, One Night Stands.)

GENE: Willie, now that Penelope has arrived in Paris I suppose you'll be showing her the sights. Are you planning to take her to the night spots?

WILLIE: What do you mean, night spots?

GENE: You know. . . . Where do people go late at night when they want to relax . . . and look their very best?

WILLIE: To a Turkish Bath!

(WILLIE and EUGENE HOWARD, Folies de Paree.)

JACK: This is my fourth year on the air . . . isn't that a wonderful record, Don, four years?

DON: Oh, I don't know, Jack . . . Amos 'n' Andy have been on the air for six years.

JACK: Well, that's only three years apiece. I'm talking about a single performer.

DON: How about Rudy Vallee? He's been singing for seven years.

JACK: I know, Don . . . but how long can his nose hold out?

(JACK BENNY and DON WILSON, Jello Program.)

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

'ANTHONY ADVERSE'

Now you can read this great novel in short story form!

For over two years, Warner Brothers have been making this epic love story into an extravagant movie, and now SCREEN ROMANCES gives you a complete preview in the August issue. Complete with "stills" taken during the production, you will find the fictionization of "Anthony Adverse" the most exciting reading of the year.

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A complete $2 BOOK LENGTH NOVEL based on the new screen hit "Rhythm on the Range," featuring Bing Crosby.

Win a Lovely Dance Frock from GINGER ROGERS!

Look for the details of this big new contest in the August issue.

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THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

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a light smoke

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"IT'S TOASTED"

EACH PUFF LESS ACID

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